MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

MARCH ON THE FARM.

All stock will need extra care through this month. A daily carding will do a great deal of good. A frequent change of food is more desirable than earlier in the winter. The marigolds come in now as an important aid, and they are far more valuable than they were in December or January. This root is therefore the food for the late winter and spring. All roots should be cut or sliced before feeding out to prevent the possibility of choking. Good hay does not need cutting. We believe the experience of the best farmers and cattle feeders has settled that point, that it does not pay to cut the better sorts of feed but we suppose there can be no question as to the policy of slicing roots.

This is a busy month of preparation for work. The days are longer than they were a month ago, and they give more time for out of door work. How is it about the woodpile? Is there a supply sufficient to keep the pot boiling through the summer? It would not do to come short in fuel through the working months. How is it about the tool house? Are the ploughs, the drags, the harrows, the shovels, the hoes, the carts and all the other "fixings" in order for spring work? How is it about those harnesses? Are they strong and durable to go into the trying season of work on the farm? A thousand little odd jobs are always turning up on the farm, and the live farmer should always keep his eyes open.

There is work also about the land. Before the end of this month many light lands can, perhaps, be ploughed to advantage. That is the advantage of a light land farm. It enjoys a longer season. It is dry and ready to work earlier than a clay soil. The bushes in the pastures can be cut now as well as any time. The soil after the frost is out is open, loose, easily lifted, and so are the surface rocks. A few days work at these will help improve the pastures. The pastures need it. Much of the success of the farm turns on the condition of the pastures. We have robbed them, and our fathers robbed them before us. They need our immediate care and attention. A day's work upon them now will cost less than a day's work in summer. If it is rightly directed, it will amount to about as much.

And then there are the fences. Why not fix them up now, and have them all right before you get ready to turn in the stock? If you get a few fast rocks out of the mowing lots to put into stone walls, it might be the means of "killing two birds with one stone," though we do not believe in killing birds any how. Have not half enough of them now.

Towards the end of the month will be a good time to sow clover seed. Ten or twelve pounds to the acre is little enough, and fifteen pounds is none too much if the land is good, and in good condition. On all pieces laid down after the first of September, clover seed applied in the spring is needed. It will pay to sow it with a liberal hand.

Grain fields can now be top-dressed with plaster, guano or superphosphate. For applying all concentrated fertilizers we prefer the spring, and this month is, perhaps, as good as any to do it in.

Feed young stock as well as the supplies of fodder will allow. It is a poor plan to turn them out to browse. If sheep are confined as they ought to be, a few pine or hemlock boughs are very useful to them. Raw roots in small quantities, are very useful for breeding sows as they approach the time of farrowing.

The cows will soon be coming in. As the period of calving approaches, the cow should be kept quiet, though she may be allowed to take gentle exercise. A loose box stall should be allowed her as the period draws nigh, and she should be closely watched. Her food should not be too stimulating. She ought to be in good condition from previous care and attention. A cow during the period of gestation requires better care than many farmers are accustomed to give, and unless she is kept in good condition by abundant and nutritious food, the results will not be satisfactory. Over feeding and pampering should, of course, be avoided, but a full supply of wholesome food is essential.

After parturition the calf may be left a day or two with its dam or it may be removed at once according to the purpose for which it is bred. If it is to go for veal at the age of four or five weeks, it is best to let it suckle and take all it will. If it is to be raised by hand it should have the milk of the cow for the first few days, but if the udder is all right it is probably better, on the whole, to take it immediately from the cow, rub it thoroughly dry, and put in a warm pen by itself out of the cow's sight. The custom of leaving it with the cow for two or three days, is objectionable. It leads the cow to become attached to it, and when it is removed she feels its loss far more keenly than we are apt to suppose. If the udder is inflamed with a tendency to garget, bathe it often with very warm water, as hot as you can bear it, and rub dry every time with woollen cloths. Rub slowly, patiently and gently, and it will bring down the worst cases of inflammation.

A calf to be raised for the dairy should have the pure milk from the cow for at least a week or ten days before any attempt is made to substitute other food.

Cabbages may be started in hot beds. Every farmer can start a simple frame covered with glass, and start many varieties of vegetables, and so have them earlier than it would be possible otherwise. In these frames the seeds may be started, and celery, cabbage, lettuce, peppers and tomatoes be forwarded. These and many other vegetables are indispensable.

Early potatoes and onion sets may be planted in warm places. Grape cuttings may be set out, so may cuttings of currants, gooseberries and other shrubs. It is not too late to cut scions, but grafting apple and pear trees should not take place till the buds are well swollen.

Though it will be of little use to work the land when it is too wet, some days will occur towards the end of the month when the garden soil may be forked up, or perhaps ploughed and harrowed. The ground for the kitchen garden, also, can be enriched. Asparagus beds can be prepared; the rhubarb plants manured and forked over, and new plants set, using pieces of root having one or more buds. Who would be without rhubarb? It is one of the necessities on every well supplied table. No one can take too much pains to have it in abundance and perfection.

It is best to hire good farm hands. The best are soon engaged, and it is well to look out in season.

TREE PLANTING.

The bill presented to the Legislature by Mr. James J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, exempting from taxation for a period of ten years, land worth not over fifteen dollars an acre, if planted with certain specified forest trees, is an excellent one, and deserves the hearty support of not only of all depending on the cultivation of the soil for their maintenance, but of every citizen having the future welfare of the State at heart. For this bill, should it be passed, means, the encouragement of tree planting, and tree planting carried out extensively and systematically means, the making worn out and entirely unproductive land productive. It means that within this Commonwealth there are thousands of acres which do not to-day yield a dollar to their owner, or add one cent to our natural resources. It means that, in the opinion of intelligent men, who have given the subject much careful study and thought, that all these waste lands are capable of producing valuable crops of wood, if planted with the trees found to be suited to them.

How great the demand will be for all the wood which can possibly be raised on such land, and how large the prices it will command, at no very distant day, those alone can realize who have watched the rapid destruction of the forests all over the continent, and noted with dismay how small in comparison all efforts to restore them have hitherto been. Connecticut has already passed a similar bill. Rhode Island is about to do the same. Shall Massachusetts be behind in encouraging by intelligent legislation what is destined to become one of the most important branches of her agriculture?

NOTES

ON ARTICLES IN THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN OF FEB. 16, 1878.

BY F. R. ELLIOTT,
LANDSCAPE GARDENER AND HORTICULTURIST.

REARING CALVES BY HAND.—I note the editor's reply—In my time of the practice I gave the calves full food from the cow three times a day for three days; then I gave them a quarter feed from the cow twice a day, and having a sponge soft teat in my hand connected with warm skim milk, I gave it to the calf in change of the cow. This the calf soon took when a little hungry. Then I mixed warm skim milk with one quarter butter-milk and two ounces of fine oatmeal to a quart of milk, mixed carefully. In two weeks' time I gave once in three days a teaspoonful of salt in the feed.

REMOVING ROCKS FROM TILLED FIELDS.—This paragraph is taken from the *Rural New Yorker*, but will be read by those taking the *Ploughman*. The writer found in former years, in one of the New England States, that a rocky ledge, or clump, always paid to plant the spaces of soil with small trees or shrubs of productive fruits. Often evergreens become valuable as shields for orchards or many crops. Again a good apple, pear, chestnut, becomes a profit in many places where these rocky knobs, knolls and ledges are on the farms of New England.

TALL TIMBER.—" *A Druid*," wrote good words, but whoever plants ground had best select trees suited to the soil and climate; then plant seedlings of one year's growth in the nursery, after culture of the ground, at distances of one by four feet.

NOTHING BUT A FARMER.—A good article. c. w. s., has told truth; and from the old Apostle Eliot, who translated the bible into the Indian language, and went among them, as well as the emigrant, and told how to prepare the ground, sow, cultivate, gather and profit by. From New England has come the best farmers of the west, those who from the woods of New England travelled to New York, Ohio and other States wild in woods.

A CATTLE KING'S DEATH.

Last week we made brief mention of the death, in Denver, Col., of John W. Iliff, one of the best known and most extensive cattle raisers of that section of the country. The *Rocky Mountain News* says of the deceased:

In 1860 he began handling cattle; filling contracts for the government and supplying many of the posts in New Mexico and other territories. He drove large herds from Texas and supplied most of the beef to the men and contractors who built the Union Pacific road, from 1865 to 1869; and it was during these years that his extensive operations attracted public attention, and he became noted as the most daring, as he was almost the most extensive, cattle operator on the plains. He was early to see the superior quality of cattle driven from Texas, and wintered and grazed upon the nutritious grasses of Colorado; and the experience he had gained now determined him to locate upon the Platte, and begin what was ultimately to become one of the most noted stock ranches in the West. The ranch now includes over 20,000 acres of land, situated along the Platte Valley and Crow creek, and comprising some of the choicest springs, valleys, and grazing grounds in the whole West. His headquarters were about forty miles from Julesburg, about 145 from this city down the Platte, where were located his houses, sheds, corrals, and every possible facility for receiving, selling and handling cattle. Here he built up the large and successful business which gave him the well earned title as the "cattle king of the plains."

Questions & Answers.

STARCH FROM CORN.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you inform me through the *Ploughman* how much starch corn will yield per bushel, and what the cost will be to work it, and will the pomace be of any value for feeding cattle or hogs after the starch is taken out? P. D. H.

Colbrook, N. H., Feb. 15, 1878.

The average yield is about thirty pounds per bushel. We are not able to state the cost of separating the starch from the grain. It is usually done in large factories, one of the largest of which is to be found at Oswego, N. Y. The process is quite simple, but requires a large space to conduct it in. It is said to be so perfect that all the starch contained in the corn is separated, making as pure an article as can be obtained from any other source. We cannot say as to the value of the refuse.—[ED.

INJURY TO THE MILK DUCT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a nice cow, lately calved, and one teat is so closed at the end that it is almost impossible to milk it; the bag is all right. Is there any remedy for it? Please answer through the *Ploughman* and oblige a subscriber. H. G. W.

Fayville, Feb. 18*th*, 1878.

Probably the end of the teat was injured when the cow was dry, which has left a chronic thickening. We would advise first to get a milking tube, and before introducing it, soak the teat in warm water for ten minutes, then draw a little milk into the hand and pass the tube into it, which will cause it to slide into the duct much easier than if it was dry. But little force should be used in passing the tube as inflammation might result, making the case more difficult to remedy.—[ED.

SPAYING COWS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Being a subscriber of the *Ploughman*, I take the liberty of inquiring through its columns, that if after an animal has been properly spayed, that she will come in heat, or have heat again? Yours respectfully,

Westbrook, 1878. F. L. W.

If both ovaries have been removed, it is physiologically impossible for the animal to become in heat. The ovum or egg of the female is formed in the ovary, and at the period of heat, the viside containing the matured ovum bursts; the contents escape into the fallopian tube, and pass into the uterus; consequently as there are no ovaries, there is no cause for the periodical return of heat. We have heard of a case in which the animal became impregnated after having been spayed; probably the operator removed but one ovary.—[ED.

DOES FARMING PAY!

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

"C. W. D." gives words in the *Ploughman*, of Feb. 16, that every male child that reads the *Ploughman* should be careful to follow in the course of life, that readers should however remember that from "an acorn an oak will grow," from "a soil food for man, or beast, will grow," yet he who commences farming and growing crops should carefully study a small plot of ground, with knowledge of the seed, its nature, how to grow it, ere he goes into it to any extent. He should also become intelligent of its past value and promising future value. F. R. E.

CONCERNING "BOOK-FARMING."

A trite subject is brought to the fore ground again and treated in this logical style by the *Western Farm Journal*:

A reading farmer, a book farmer, is simply he who avails himself of facts already demonstrated by men of thought and practice, thus giving him greater strength and capacity in life's work, and saving to him the chagrin of failure and the loss of valuable time in laboring to solve problems by himself alone. And how shall this best be done? Mainly by reading standard books and well conducted agricultural journals, as well as by meeting together and discussing methods of culture and practice. The accumulated knowledge of the world should be utilized as far as possible by each individual. Man is superior to the lower animal, mainly from the fact that he can avail himself of the recorded experiences of others who have preceded him for his guidance, and hence does not need to commence at the bottom round of the ladder each time. The man who does not avail himself of such opportunities signifies his willingness to be a child of knowledge, a slave of ignorance, to spend his life and strength in vain battling with nature's forces, which wiser heads have learned to conquer in a far easier manner. The onward march of thought and progress has cheapened every other production, has improved every other manufacture. Why not admit the invigorating life of investigation and advance into agriculture.

CATTLE TRADE OF OMAHA.

The chairman of the live stock committee of the Omaha board of trade, E. C. McShane, in a report to that body, in reference to the live stock trade of the territory shipping to and east of that point says:

The wealth of Nebraska, Wyoming, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, Colorado and Kansas, consists in the extent and magnificence of the nutritious beef-producing grasses, the excellence of the climate and facilities afforded by a direct route of transportation to market. In the country north and south of the Union Pacific road and its branches it is estimated that 5,000,000 cattle can be sustained and prepared for market without difficulty and at an average expense at present of $1 per head per annum each season. The drive from the southwest is extending farther north until within a very short period, instead of being at the extreme northern limit, Omaha will be in the centre of the great stock growing region of the West. As will be observed, the business has been increased and is now increasing, at the rate of 50 per cent. per annum. During 1876 the receipts at this point were 38,000 head from the Union Pacific road, while for 1877 the arrivals have exceeded 84,000 head, which we have every assurance will reach 140,000 head in 1878.

CARE OF STOCK.

Farmers who look after the comfort of their cattle but rarely suffer pecuniary loss by disease or death. In the stable cleanliness and ventilation are, with an occasional currying, the important requirements that promote health. Experiments have proven that cows in milk and old oxen retain their condition in confined and warm quarters during the winter, while animals under three years thrive better in a well sheltered yard with shed attached, the floor of which should be covered with dried leaves or refuse straw, which would afford them a resting place during the nights.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Correspondence.

SMALL FRUIT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

F. J. Kinney, says much of value, but without desire of saying a word against his instructions, permit me to offer a suggestion or two. The varieties named I shall not comment upon, for value varies in almost every section. The culture is however an item of importance, that the writer of this has had with many varieties of blackberry plants—some with orange color, some almost white, some near purple red, some black. Some when ripe are never good, but having a hard centre.

Touching the time of planting and the culture, I have a word to say. I would plant from small root cuttings of six or eight inches high, placing two plants in a hill, three and a half feet apart each way, in well prepared ground, and when taken up, and setting out, at once pinch to three of the lower leaves. Then at once mulch the ground along the line eighteen wide and two inches deep.

Now in pruning, never let a main cane grow more than three feet high before the leader be pinched off, and as the buds on that stem start they should be at the bottom one stopped at eight inches and each one above be one inch reduced. New canes should be grown for the coming year, and as the present year's crop is taken away, the canes that bore should be cut away one inch below the ground, and every small growth removed in the same way—all these refuse canes should have a hand follow, and with clipping shears, cut them an inch long and spread them as a mulch along the line. In many locations and varieties stakes should be driven along the row lines and a cord be drawn at near the cane. Then corn stalks or straw be placed as a shield from the winter. F. R. E.

WHEN TO SOW BARLEY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Some eight or nine years ago I purchased three bushels of barley, which I sowed on a little more than one acre of ground, it being the 15th of April, the time of sowing. Some of my neighbors told me I sowed it too early on account of frost. The result was thirty-eight bushels of good sound barley, weighing fifty pounds to the bushel. Since then I have delayed sowing it until from the first to the fifth of May, with poor result. Will you or some of the readers of the *Ploughman* please inform me of the best time of sowing?

A SUBSCRIBER.

COAL ASHES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

These should have salt, plaster of Paris, (gypsum), bone dust, fine charcoal, and some fine lime, thoroughly mingled with the ashes some four months before being applied as a manure, and then it should be applied not more than two to three inches deep on clayey loam, or four to five on light sandy soil. As a mulch on the raspberry, blackberry, strawberry, cabbage, tomato, and many other garden vegetables it is good, and so also around young and newly planted trees. F. R. E.

SHEEP TICKS—SORE BACK.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Seeing in a late number of the *Ploughman*, that tobacco was recommended for the extermination of sheep ticks, I will state that that used to be my remedy, and I used to keep a flock of twelve hundred sheep in Newbury, Vt. For several years I have been engaged in other business, but two years ago I commenced clearing up and am getting ready for a large Stock Farm. I raised 4000 bushels of oats and 500 each of potatoes and turnips last season, and am making plans for nearly twice as much this year. One year ago last fall I bought fifty of the best coarse wool grade sheep that I could find two Shropshire ewes at $50 each, and a buck lamb at $75, 10 Cotswold ewes at $20 each, and three at $60 each. They did well through the winter, but were very ticky. I sheared them early and then sprinkled sulphur along the back, hips, and a little on the sides of both sheep and lambs, and after two applications I could never find a tick on either the old sheep or lambs, till this winter, I bought fifty more and find that a few have got on to our old ones, but am satisfied that that is a sure thing, much cheaper and easier used than tobacco. I also keep a dish of salt constantly by my sheep, and mix a little sulphur with this, and think it an excellent thing.

I also noticed a question for a remedy for a sore back on a horse. The best remedy I have ever found is carbolic acid. If proud flesh should get in, a little powdered blue vitriol sprinkled on will set that all right. I am constantly working from forty to fifty horses, and of course with thirty years experience, I ought to be able to answer many questions, and I have the honor of being counsel for all of my neighbors. One of the liniments, and cheapest, for a sprain of any kind, is witch hazel and alcohol and water in proportion of six ounces of Fluid Extract Witch Hazel, half a pint each of alcohol and water. A PRACTICAL WORKER.

Whitefield, N. H., 1878.

The Horse.

THE DANGER FROM GLANDERED HORSES.

There is great danger to be apprehended from the contagion communicated by glandered horses to man as well as beast. A horse may be afflicted with what is termed "chronic glanders," and live a long time with proper care. He may even seem to be otherwise in good health, take on fat, eat heartily, and work well; yet notwithstanding these favorable conditions, the virus discharged from the nose, or, when the disease results in farcy, from other parts of the body, is a deadly poison. It will inculcate a man's system where there is the slightest abrasion of the skin, when brought in contact with it; and its effect on other animals, at times communicated in a mysterious manner, baffling the closest scrutiny, is equally fatal. Horses occupying a different stable from that of the affected animal have been known to contract and die of the disease; and this, too, in the face of the fact that they were never brought in contact with each other. And yet with a full knowledge of the risk they run, some men are foolhardy enough to keep a glandered horse on their premises, prompted by the vain hope of being able to cure the patient of the disease. Experience and common sense should impress upon all alike the necessity of destroying a glandered horse so soon as it is discovered that the animal has the disease. The proper way to dispose of him is to dig a pit six or eight feet deep in some secure out of the way spot; have him carefully removed to the pit and there destroyed, and his body covered with a thick layer of lime and ashes before the soil is thrown back into the pit, thus avoiding all possibility of further mischief. This course will be found not only the most humane but the most economical in the end.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Stock Department.

CULTURE OF ROOTS FOR STOCK.

Cattle will live and thrive during our long winters on dry hay, grain and fodder, but how much better when they can have a portion of their food of a more succulent nature. The natural food of our domestic or farm animals is green, succulent matter; it is then better to provide and feed them a portion of such food rather than to keep them on dry food alone. With good, fair culture, 1,000 to 1,400 bushels of mangel wurtzels may be grown per acre, or their nutrient equivalent in other roots, all of which go far towards lengthening out the hay and other fodder products, aside from furnishing the stock with health promoting and very acceptable food when natural green products are denied them. Roots are no more exhaustive to the soil than other crops, are grown with little or no more expense, leave the soil in better condition for succeeding crops, and thus fill an important place in a rotation of crops. Much of the labor in their production may come in to fill up between that of other crops and thus render labor more economical and productive.

Among roots valuable as food for stock I would name the following, placing them in nearly the order of their nutrient value. Carrots, parsnips, sugar beets, mangel-wurtzel, and ruta-baga; English turnips are lighter and less valuable, but good for early feeding. In the culture of any root crop the soil should be in good heart, or made so with fertilizers, deep and mellow. Plough deep, and on hard subsoils follow the turning plough with the subsoiler, apply liberal dressings of fertilizers broadcast, stable manure, bone-dust and super-phosphate are excellent; work them into the surface well. Sow in drills, beets, ruta-bagas and paranips thirty inches apart, carrots twenty-four inches. No one would think of sowing these seeds without a suitable drill which does the work all up as it goes, evenly and economically. Begin their culture as soon as the rows can be distinguished, keep clean of weeds, thin parsnips, carrots, &c., to four inches in the row, beets and turnips to six to ten inches. A large part of the culture can be done with the horse hoe, &c. Remember that it is better to grow useful plants than weeds, and that weeds are easier destroyed while small than after having made a larger growth, and that it requires plant-food to grow them as well as more useful crops and that what goes into their structure robs the soil and the more valuable crop.—*W. H. W., in Rural Home.*

The Dairy.

POINTS OF A DAIRY COW.

Mr. Baldwin, of Ohio, at the late meeting of the American Dairymen's Association gave his views on the dairy cow as follows

It is useless to talk about best breeds for dairy uses, because no one breed is entirely reliable. As far as the speaker's observation had gone, the Ayrshire furnished the most good ones for butter making. There are about forty-five different points indicative of good dairy cows. Some of these points were named. A "dishing" face is one mark of superiority; also the milk vein. A thoroughbred that will certainly reproduce her own qualities must carry these points, which are more often hidden in the male than female. The speaker exhibited cuts showing good points in various breeds of cows. Good dairy cows should have thick, strong lips, and the eyes should be large, showing much white; good milkers are also spirited. The horns should have an upward and forward direction, and the annual rings rather indistinct; the horns should also have a waxy appearance, rather than dry. Good cows should have short bodies, heads, necks and legs; the neck should be neat, and the shoulders light and neatly formed, and lower than the hips. There are all through the country common cows, which have many good qualities for milkers, which farmers might easily improve. Low sides are marks of good milkers. In short, the cow should be neat and perfectly shaped, and rather wedge-shaped, being broader in the rear, with light flanks. Jerseys and Ayrshires are good milkers are notable in these respects. In short-legged cows the udder should hang low nearly to the ground; tail long and tapering. Many of these points are often not noticable, but the dishing face is one to which there should be no exception.

TESTING MILK.

The *Kolnische Zeitung* refers to Dr. Julius Lehmann's new method of testing milk, as being at least an approach to a simple and easily applied form of analysis, so long a desideratum. A little of the milk to be tested is diluted with an equal quantity of water, and poured out in a thin layer upon the surface of a porous earthenware slab of very close grain. The water, holding in solution the milk sugar, albumen, and a part of the salts, is at once absorbed by the earthenware, and thus is quickly effected that stage of the process of analysis which occupies a long time when evaporation and similar means are resorted to. The whole of the fat and the casein remain upon the surface of the slab in the form of a thin skin, and can easily be removed with a spatula and dried for examination. The amount of fat present can readily be determined by either process, and thus the two chief constituents of the milk are at once estimated. In many instances it is quite sufficient to know the sum of the chief solid constituents, and the proportion of water in the milk, to form a fair judgment upon it, and this can be arrived at with ease in less than two hours. The method has the further advantage that a great number of samples can be operated on at once with very little extra trouble.

SWEET APPLES.

Baked sweet apples are a dish few people know anything about. If they did, sweet apples would bring better prices in the markets than they do. I can say from experience that they are healthy, nourishing and in a great measure take the place of meat. Nothing can be better for children, and they are never refused by them. Fruit is on my table every day, and at nearly every meal, and of sweet apples there are never too many. Indeed, I cannot think that any one who has ever tasted properly baked sweet apples and cream, would ever refuse them afterwards.

Now, as to what kinds to plant for family use. So far as my experience and observation go, I can recommend Sweet June, Bailey Sweet, Sweet Vandevere, Moore's Sweet, Campfield and Jeffries. The Tallman Sweet I have, but have never had an apple to bake yet, though the tree has been planted some twelve or more years. It bears a few specimens that rot and fall off early in the fall.

Sweet June, Jefferies and Bailey Sweet are summer apples. Moore's Sweet, fall; Sweet Vandevere, early winter; and Campfield will keep until spring.—*Cor. Rural World.*

☞ Never keep your cattle short; few farmers can afford it. If you starve them they will starve you.

The Poultry Interest.

THE SOUTHERN MASS. POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

A GRAND EXHIBITION.

Reported expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

This Association held its first annual exhibition Feb. 20-23, in Concert Hall, Fall River, Mass. There was a fine display of choice poultry, fancy pigeons, and pretty pets. In many classes we found very fine specimens,—especially Light and Dark Brahmas, Cochins, Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, Games, French and Bantams. The Columbarian department,—of some 150 coops, was in Albion Hall, and consisted of many choice varieties of fancy pigeons. There were some 400 entries; the largest exhibit was of *Asiatics*, occupying several tables across the Hall; principal exhibitors of these were P. Williams and J. E. Wilmarth, Taunton, John Wilbur, Somerset, James Bullock, C. G. Sanford, L. A. Webster, S. E. Merchant, Providence, R. I., T. H. Adams, C. A. Mathewson, Pawtucket, R. I.; of Plymouth Rocks, C. K. Knapp, J. E. Brittun, Raynham, Edmand Rodman, New Bedford. Leghorns—L. Martin, Lowell, J. H. Nichols, Lowell, J. S. Moorehouse, Dighton, James Davis, Fall River, Wm. Thomas, Fall River. Hamburgs—John Worden, Fall River, C. A. Mathewson, Pawtucket, T. R. Washburn, Taunton, Freeman Shaw, Brockton. Polish — James Davis, Fall River, W. H. Sylvester, Brockton, A. L. Bliss, Taunton. French—P. Williams, Taunton. Games—W. F. Parlow, Newport, C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, W. H. Clark, Providence, R. I. Game Bantams—W. E. Cunningham, Fitchburg, Geo. L. Fish, New Bedford, A. L. Keith, Taunton. Geese—A. Bradford, Tiverton, R. I., John S. Moorehouse, North Dighton, J. Borden, Fall River. Ducks—Edmand Rodman, New Bedford, C. H. Knapp, Raynham, J. S. Moorehouse, Dighton. Pigeons—E. H. Moore, Melrose, Geo. L. Fish, New Bedford, Ed. Haskell, C. H. Jenney, Fall River. Pheasants—W. F. Parlow, Newport, R. I. Peacocks—B. B. Moore, Shannock, R. I. On the stage was a large tame raccoon, several fine cats, Ringneck pheasants, stuffed birds, &c., several fine broods of chickens, Japanese Silkies, Mocking Birds, &c. In all points a very good display of choice specimens.

The Society's premiums were $3,00 for first, $2,00 for second, and Honorable Mention for third, with several liberal specials. One an oil painting, valued at $25,00, offered by the efficient Secretary, Edmund Rodman, Esq., and many of $5,00 each, by individual members. A combination premium of $5,00 on each variety for best cock, cockerel, hen and pullet, and a Sweepstake Prize for Breeding Pen of Light Brahma.

The rules of the Society required the judges (H. S. Ball, Shrewsbury, and Abel F. Stevens, Natick, Mass.) to award no premiums unless the birds scored for the first premium, 176 points to the pair, 166 points second, and 150 third. Many of the birds that won this show were prize specimens in other exhibitions.

The managers gave a fine supper at the Wilbur House the second evening, after which, speeches were in order. Although this Society is young it bids fair yet to be one of the best in New England. Its next exhibition will be held in New Bedford.

PREMIUMS.

Light Brahmas—1st and 2d premiums, J. L. Bullock, Providence; 3d, J. E. Wilmarth, Taunton.

Dark Brahmas—1st, 2d and 3d, C. G. Sanford, Providence.

Partridge Cochins—1st, S. E. Merchant, Providence; 2d, L. A. Webster, Providence; chicks, 1st and 2d, S. L. Booth, Bristol, R. I.

White Cochins—1st and 2d, G. W. Lowell, Middleboro'; 3d, T. H. Adams, Pawtucket, R. I.; chicks, same.

Buff Cochins—1st and 2d, E. W. Staples, Taunton.

Black Cochins—1st and 2d, John E. Wilbur, of Somerset.

Plymouth Rocks—1st, C. A Knapp, Raynham; 2d, L. A. Webster, Providence. Chicks, 1st, C. A. Knapp, Raynham; 2d, Edmund Rodman, New Bedford.

Hamburgs—Golden P—1st, C. A. Mathewson, Pawtucket; 2d, Freeman Shaw, Brockton. Chicks, 1st and 2d, John Worden, Fall River.

Silver Spangled—2d, T. R. Washburn, Taunton.

Black Hamburgs—1st, T. R. Washburn, Taunton.

Crevecœur—1st, P. Williams, Taunton, same 1st, La Fleche.

White Leghorns—1st and 2d, W. E. Worthen, Chelmsford. Chicks, 1st, John H. Nichols, Lowell.

Brown Leghorn—1st and 2d, Laurin Martin, Lowell.

Dominique—1st, John S. Moorhouse, North Dighton.

Game Bantam—1st and 2d, W. E. Cunningham, Fitchburg; 3d, Geo. L. Fish, New Bedford.

Geese—White, 1st, J S. Moorhouse, Dighton; 2d, John Borden, Fall River. Gray—A. Bradford, Tiverton.

Ducks—Rouen—E. Rodman, New Bedford. Aylesbury—J. S. Moorehouse, Dighton. Pekin—C. A. Knapp, Raynham. A. F. S.

Woodside, Feb. 1878.

LOSS IN GRINDING.

As supplementary to what we have said on this subject, a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says:

"Some years ago on sending a pretty large farm 'grist' to the mill, requesting the miller to weigh the wheat in and the product out, he strongly objected to it as a suspicion on his honesty. It was an unheard of request; never had a farmer asked such a thing! But he got over his sensitiveness and did the like many times. The product and waste in grinding depends much upon the quality and cleanness of the wheat. I have had winter wheat turn out forty pounds of flour and twelve and three-quarter pounds of bran, middlings, etc., to the bushel. The 'waste' in grinding clean wheat should be not more than a pound to a pound and a quarter. Spring wheat will not make as much flour. The following, from a 'grist' of the last crop of spring wheat, is a good average of a dozen or more that I have noted:

Weight of wheat,	1,486 lbs
" flour,	992 lbs
" bran,	240 "
" screenings,	32 "
" middlings, (canallie)	88 "
" toll,	148 "
" waste,	36 " —1,486 lbs.

"Here is 24 3-4 bushels, and the yield of flour is 38.45 pounds per bushel, and the offal amounts to 14.5-4 pounds per bushel, while the waste is only 1.05 pounds per bushel. It is proper here to state that I sent a 'grist' out of the same bin, to a new mill a few weeks before, and the return was only 36 pounds in flour and the 'waste' or wheat stuck to the mill, besides the toll, 5 1-2 pounds to the bushel. I did not repeat my experiment at that mill. Farmers should know precisely what they are doing, as far as possible, and then they will be able 'to see as far into a millstone' as anybody."

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

INSECTS AND OTHER ENEMIES OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

READ BEFORE THE WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, FEB. 14, 1878.

BY F. J. KINNEY.

The doors to success or failure in the business of growing fruits and flowers, hang on this very text. The one that opens to *success* is locked, to a large part of man and woman-kind by the want of knowledge or the ability or disposition to work; but the one that opens to failure is always ajar and generally *wide open*; hence the reason that so many enter and are recorded on the list of failures who undertake the cultivation of Fruits and Flowers.

I shall treat *first* of "Other Enemies," and foremost on the list stands man.

From the time the seed of the tree is planted the main object of its owner is, to see how much money he can make from it; hence it is forced into a premature existence in various ways, and then is forced into an appearance of age by being over manured and in any and all ways to make it *tall* in the shortest possible time. The *planter* not only wants it *tall* but he wants it *straight*, and to get the *last*, trees must be planted very thickly and trimmed *any time* when there is a side shoot starts.

Every nurseryman says in his Catalogue "1st class trees from 15 to 18 inches, one year old.

2nd class, same ages, 12 to 14 inches, &c.

1st class, apple or standard pear trees, 5 to 7 feet. 2nd class, 4 to 6 feet, &c."

Now it is these first class trees that are the most salable and on which the largest profit is made; and they look to the person who, in trying to open the door to success has studied the laws of tree growth and health, like a parcel of first class bean poles, picked before they were fully grown, and are worth, to the general grower, after they are two or three years old, less than nothing; but such is the character of the trees that we have to stock our orchards and gardens with.

When a neighbor or friend calls my attention to a young orchard, or a few trees that he has paid his hard earned dollars for and set in his garden, and asks me why some have died, and others are as good as dead, and with the same breath curses the nurseryman or tree agent that sold them to him, I hardly know whether to tell him what my opinion is, or to say nothing; for Mr. President and gentlemen and ladies of the Worcester County Horticultural Society, I can but blame the *purchaser*.

The general public say what they want, and must have, and the tree-grower must conform to their wishes or give up his business; although he knows that every year, *after the first*, that a tree receives the treatment in the nursery that it must to make it salable, is weakening to its vitality and preparing it to become an easy prey to its insect enemies.

Perhaps the most dangerous insect enemy the apple tree has is a specie of the sphinges belonging to the group of Agerians; dangerous because they deposit their eggs near the ground, under a piece of loose bark and out of sight of the casual observer.

The young caterpillars or borers as they are commonly called, commence operations immediately on hatching, and although one in a tree may be discovered before it has done much damage by the chips of his trade, if there were several eggs deposited around the tree, and all hatch (as will be pretty sure to if let alone), the damage may be considerable in a very short space of time. Probably more trees are spoiled by them than all other insects combined.

They seem to live three years in New England. The first year in the bark, the second year they gnaw their way into the wood and start on their journey of destruction either up the stem or down into the roots, and for six months they bore a hole from 1-8 to 1-4 of an inch in diameter, and can travel 4 to 6 inches, so the injury, if allowed to take their own course, is lasting.

Many trees come from the nursery containing eggs as small as caterpillars, especially the large trees, four years old and older, and we plant the enemy with the tree.

Prevention and Remedy.—Examine every tree before it is planted, and be sure there are no eggs or young borers in it, and scrape the loose bark very carefully from the base. After the tree is planted make a mound of wood ashes if you have them; if not, manure of any kind, or if nothing better, soil surrounding the base of the tree and from six to ten inches in height, and only a *small circle* around the body; allow it to remain till the first of July when the first lot of moths will be done depositing their eggs. The mound should be dug away then and be spread over the ground and the tree examined to see if any eggs or larva had been overlooked. The first of September there should be another mound of the same kind put about the trees in the same manner to guard against the army of moths that hatched about this season. This last mound (will also keep away mice in winter, and should remain till the next year when it should be dug away as early as it is thawed in the spring.

There are many ways recommended (all good) but I consider this the *best*, as it brings some responsible person to *every tree* twice a year at least, and also brings a special fertilizer with them; so much for prevention, but if the borers get into the wood of the tree, it will require a heroic treatment to dislodge them. Whether it is one or many, *dig them out* and be sure that you kill every one. A wire with a barbed end to run into the holes will generally answer, but sometimes it is necessary to use a brace and bit, chisel and mallet to go for them. If a wire will do, that is the best, but they must or should be killed in some way. If it is necessary to make much of a mound, cover it with grafting clay or wax. Don't believe that you can bore a hole in the tree and put some poison, or other preparation in, and plug it up so that it will protect your trees with no more of your attention. Such stories make periodical revolutions amongst agricultural papers, but they are all gammon. Everlasting vigilance is the price of a full grown and healthy fruit tree.

The progenitors of the borer are day flying moths, so they are not easily trapped or killed. They resemble a bee, and seem to live on the sweets of flowers while in their winged state.

The Tent caterpillar, (or American Lackey Caterpillar of Harris) is the next worst enemy of the ap

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 2, 1878.

Peace has been concluded between Russia and Turkey, but the terms are not expected to be signed for some days.

A perpetual injunction has been issued against two more Savings Banks by the Supreme Court.

The Old South ball, to come off next Monday night, is the matter that at the present time chiefly engages the mind of this community.

The burning of nearly three thousand Chinese in a place of refuge is the latest horror in that line. One can scarcely conceive of the agonies which were endured. The Black Hole of Calcutta pales in comparison.

The annual winter reunion of the Massachusetts Press Association was held in this city on Tuesday, and new officers were elected for the next year.

A petition subscribed with fifty thousand names has been presented to Congress for the repeal of the law in relation to the transmission of matter through the mails.

It is reported that Hon. Chester W. Chapin contemplates resigning the presidency of the Boston and Albany Railroad, to which he was reelected at the recent stockholders' meeting in this city.

The coronation of Pope Leo XIII is to take place on Sunday. It is not expected to be a very imposing affair. Cardinal McCloskey arrived in Rome just in time to assure the Pope that he had no reason to deplore his necessary delay in reaching the Holy City.

THE LEGISLATURE.

In the Senate, an order was adopted for the Committee on Probate and Chancery to consider the expediency of legislation to place a widow, at the decease of her husband, in the same position that the husband now is by law at the decease of his wife. The bill was engrossed to extend the time for application for damages for land taken in locating the Massachusetts Central Railroad. A petition was presented for biennial sessions of the Legislature. The Attorney General replied, in reference to the dispute between the Commonwealth and the Boston and Albany Railroad concerning the South Boston Flats, that there is no question of law involved for his consideration. An order was adopted for the Committee on Agriculture to consider and report what legislation, if any, is necessary to prevent trespass on land under tillage. The bill to provide a further supply of water for the city of New Bedford was tabled. A number of petitions have been presented in the House. The Judiciary Committee was authorized to report on the petition for the prevention of fraudulent voting in the city of Boston. An act was engrossed to amend an act authorizing towns to provide for the removal of snow and ice from their sidewalks. Also to extend the time for commencing and completing the Cape Cod Ship Canal and to reduce the capital stock of the company. The resolve providing for a constitutional amendment to permit the division of towns into election districts was refused a third reading.

CONGRESS.

Several nominations have been sent to the Senate, including that of A. W. Beard as Collector of the port of Boston. The Senate Finance Committee has been considering the bill providing for the repeal of the Specie Resumption Act. Senator Ferry was elected President pro tempore, during the absence of Vice President Wheeler. In the House, there have been speeches on Louisiana and soldier's pensions, and Gen. Butler delivered a long speech on the Silver Bill. The latter has been signed and sent to the President, whose message concerning it is expected by Friday of the present week. The advocates of silver coinage announce that they are ready to introduce supplementary bills on the subject. But little legislation has been done by either branch, the silver question engrossing public attention.

ROBBING BANKS.

The murder of the Cashier of the Savings Bank of Dexter, Maine, at the edge of the evening one day last week, is one of those tragedies which startle a wider community than that in which it occurred. The custodians of public funds and the people's deposits may well inquire who is safe from the hands of ruffians. This heroic Cashier gave his life to those in whose service he was; literally so, for he deliberately preferred to die to relinquishing the secrets which were vital to the success of the robbers' plans. He was found locked in his own vault, literally in a living tomb, manacled, gagged, a cord drawn tightly about his neck, and his head cruelly battered from violent blows. He was groaning and unconscious, and after a few hours more of suffering he expired. But little money was carried off by the ruffians, his determination to baffle them proving altogether successful.

Before indulging in the denunciations of the robbers which are so richly deserved, it is eminently just and proper for every journal in the land to pay its voluntary tribute of admiration to the man who freely gave his life to the discharge of his trust to others. A slight man himself physically, he was wholly in the power of his ruffianly captors. They could pull him here and there, and threaten him with death if he refused to obey their demands, but the spirit in that frail physique was unflinching. He never thought of himself, but only of those whose servant he was in the place he held. Blows were showered on his head; he was painfully gagged; his hands were manacled behind him; and a cord was drawn tightly about his neck, threatening him with death by strangulation; but not for a moment did his iron will relent or his heroic spirit waver; he utterly refused to be even an involuntary copartner with robbers in whose power he was, and he died to exemplify his heroism. The universal hope expressed is that his murderers may speedily be overtaken.

TURNING TO THE OLD CALLING.

A succession of years of business stagnation generally brings men's minds around upon the elementary themes again. When trade fails, it is a relief to feel that at least a living can be got by farming. The land is not stingy to the man who trusts to its yearly promises. No doubt it is better for the cultivator of the earth that he has followed the calling from the beginning rather than taken to it in stress of circumstances and as a last resort; but an apt person will attain to a wonderful success with application and energy, and a very few years, with the crowning blessing of health, will work a change in his circumstances that will satisfy him for good and of the superiority of his new condition. The inquiry in these days is more and more for farms. Some favor colonizing, others advocate individual settlements. Each plan has its advantages and disadvantages.

We have before this referred to the unequalled opportunities which exist in Massachusetts and New England for securing snug homesteads and comfortable farms. They are to be bought cheap and on favorable terms. Farming will always pay in New England. But we counsel those who are thinking of taking to the land to resolve to sink or swim, live or die, in company with their experiment. In that spirit they may hope to do something. And let them not be in too great a hurry. They will have all the time they want or need when they get upon farms. And we particularly counsel them to bear in mind that if, at least for a long time, they get no more than a living, which ought to grow better every year, they are doing as well as they were at a trade or however else employed, and in addition to that are absolutely their own masters, and are secure of their homes. In no other state of life can they ever hope to be so independent, healthy and happy.

THE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE.

The latest aspect of the state of Europe is a more peaceful one. Only a few days before the war cloud was an extremely black one, and appeared to be charged with the sharpest lightnings. It looked as if Austria would break with Russia over the question of Bulgaria, and that England would rush to arms over the question of the Straits and the occupation of Constantinople. But changes have occurred since, chiefly in consequence of Russia's temporary concessions. The latter power, while exacting the hardest possible terms of Turkey, appears to have been resolved to improve to the utmost the opportunity for which she has waited and watched for a century. We may take it for granted that British feeling is solidifying very rapidly against Russia when a conservative journal like the *London Times* openly warns the Czar of the peril of proceeding a step beyond the limits he has now reached.

The conference of the powers is not expected to be held until about the first of April, as Prince Gortschakoff does not think he can get ready much before that time. Lord Lyons will represent the British Government, the same who was formerly Minister to the United States. A settlement of the differences between Russia and Turkey is reported to have been nearly brought about by Russia's consenting to a reduction of the indemnity demanded to the amount of one-fifth, and the evacuation of the time for the emigration of the Mahomedans from Bulgaria to three years, the first requirement allowing but two years. The Austrian ministry has asked a vote of credit from the Austro-Hungarian delegation, which will meet on the 7th of the present month. Austria is pressing her objections to Russia's proposal respecting Bulgaria through the agency of Berlin; it is there, in fact, that the central influence in the whole business of this war resides. Russia receives her impulses and her checks alternately from the German government. Bismark is really the moving power of Europe at the present time. Napoleon I. never was more supreme.

At St. Petersburg there appears to be a more assured feeling, which is very significant. The issue with England in regard to the Straits and the presence of the British fleet in the Sea of Marmora is considered satisfactory in official quarters, and assurances are given that it is not the present intention of Russia to occupy Constantinople. Although the Hungarian ministry and delegations favor a vote of credit almost with unanimity, it is expected that the Austrians will raise objections to it. There is said to be a strong party in the Austrian parliament that is in favor of peace at any price. As for Roumania, the evidence is that she will resist all interference by Russia with her territorial integrity. A circular dispatch has been issued by the Roumanian government, appealing to the European powers that have hitherto guaranteed and sustained its existence to continue that guarantee in force against Russian designs. Coupled with these many rumors is one which has it that some of the governments have expressed themselves as in favor of separate negotiations in place of a conference.

England is hardening her temper, if not her purpose, continually. The activity at the War Office is unprecedented in a time of peace. Lord Derby especially opposes, for the government, the proposition of Russia to hold Egypt responsible for, in other words security for, a part of the indemnity demanded of Turkey. He said it might thus turn out that British interests would become very much involved in any claims of that sort. Any one can readily understand how it would be so, who considers England's interest in the Suez Canal, which is of course the most valuable piece of property that Egypt has to show as security for anything. Any attempt of Russia, therefore, to reach her long arm down into Egypt will be very likely to rouse England to a determination to step to the front and assert her right to protect her interests. The conference will probably see the powers that meet together agreed to the truth as they negotiate.

TELEPHONIC POSSIBILITIES.

The uses to which the telephone may be put, and in the immediate future doubtless will be put, are almost as many as the imagination can in reason invent. The latest suggestion is that a central office be opened in large cities like Boston, at which communication may be established between one man and another, as between a merchant and his lawyer, a capitalist and a broker, and even a lover-clerk and his lady up town. The whole thing could be done by the simple subscription of parties enough to make it a paying enterprise, and any amount of time and trouble could be saved by the means. Some such experiment seems to be the inevitable outcome of the telephone invention. It compasses limited distances, while it cannot aspire to conquer the vast spaces that are controlled by the telegraph. We observe that a company is petitioning the Legislature for a charter under which the telegraph and telephone may be united in their operations.

Nor do we believe that such a plan as the above is the only use to which this invention is yet to be applied. It will suggest new uses for itself as it goes along. It no doubt is to become a great social agent, assisting people to annihilate time and space while bringing them one within the sound of the other's voice. Already many of our leading business and industrial establishments have utilized it, enabling the person in the office and counting-room to make his own voice heard at his factory and shop, one, two or three miles away, and practically bringing the two ends of the establishment close together. It is easy to appreciate the immense advantage of such an agent in the daily operations of business. We shall doubtless witness parallel advantages achieved by it for society also. And the charm of the thing is that it is both simple and cheap.

Attacks on the Family.—In his last Monday's lecture at Tremont Temple, Rev. Joseph Cook said that monogamy was sustained by the law of God and the dictates of natural science. He expressed the opinion that those who are dissatisfied with the marriage system are in that frame of mind on account of unhappy marriages, which he declares to be the divine punishment for rash and unholy acts. There is where he struck the real vein of truth in the matter. Marriages that are entered into without careful thought and the aid of friendly counsel, but are the results of uncontrollable impulses that refuse to listen to the voice of experience and wisdom, are pretty sure to result in the early discovery that the parties to them really bear no proper relations due to the other, considered even in the sense of a copartnership. Yet in a great many cases patience and self-restraint will work almost miracles toward harmonization, and this is the obvious duty of all persons who have once entered upon the married state.

☞ *The Cottage Hearth* for February has a portrait of the late Samuel Bowles, with a biographical sketch; and its table of contents is varied with tales, essays, verses and editorial miscellany in a most liberal manner. The enterprise and taste of the publisher and editor are conspicuous throughout the number. There is always a large quantity of reading in this magazine that concerns morals and manners. Dr. L. Milliken, Publisher.

Legislative Sessions.—For the first ten years after 1831, the average length of the sessions of the Massachusetts Legislature was 79 days; for the past ten years it had been 153 days. The population of the State is far less homogeneous than in 1831, and is larger than that of the whole of New England at that time. The question of holding biennial, instead of annual, sessions bring out many interesting facts in connection with the matter. The expense of the Legislature is thought not to have increased relatively with that of the Judiciary. Short and hurried sessions are deplored by some of the wisest legislators and citizens, who insist that time should be given to suit the current requirements. The legislatures of sixteen States hold biennial, and those of nineteen States hold annual sessions. It is objected to our present method of elections that so many legislators are obliged to begin to leave their business for the first time.

A Plate Dollar.—There is no telling what size a silver dollar may take in the future, with the fluctuations before us that are sure to come. The Monetary World has some suggestions to offer on the subject that are worth thinking about. To-day, it observes, it would require more than four hundred and forty grains of bullion for the silver coin to make it worth a dollar; and when the silver product which is now being held back, or being sent to Europe and pawned for the purpose of keeping the price up here, is permitted to go into the market, it might require in a short time five hundred and fifty grains for the dollar to give it the proper purchasing value; so that, in a term of years the silver dollar might reach the size and proportions of a small plate. There is nothing preposterous in such a statement. The future fluctuation of silver is beyond any one's calculation. Germany has to-day from forty to sixty millions which she is ready to empty upon us, and with our own large product released we should find a plate not so very large, as the size of an honest dollar.

The Old South Fund.—We get an intelligible statement at last of the condition in which this historic edifice stands relative to its ultimate redemption. The Preservation Committee held a meeting and heard a report from Col. Lee, the Treasurer, on Wednesday. The treasurer has so far received in money about $228,500, or 53 7-10 of the entire amount, which enables him, after meeting all current expenses and interest, to pay off the third and second mortgages on the property, and reduces the first mortgage from $225,000 to $204,000 and leaves about $3,000 on hand. There are several thousand dollars besides in conditional subscriptions, of which the larger part are considered good. This serves to put matters into shape. With the aid of the social enterprises which are to be set on foot in the future, there ought not to be any doubt that the old edifice will be saved just as it stands for a reverent posterity.

Another Polar Expedition.—A petition was presented to the Senate, the other day, by Mr. Conkling, setting forth that Mr. James Gorden Bennett would be glad to have Congress aid him in his new design for making the explorations necessary for the discovery of the North Pole. Mr. Bennett has already purchased a vessel, named the Pandora, which he will fit out and man at his own expense, and send forward on the errand above designated. He seeks to nationalize his effort by authorizing his vessel to carry the nation's flag, and asking that she be commanded by United States naval officers and be subject to United States naval rule and discipline. And any other assistance which Congress may be inclined to render he will be extremely glad of. Some of the journals are disposed to look at it as a grand advertising feat by Bennett, who is the proprietor of the New York *Herald*; but even so considering it, it shows the same sort of pluck that sent Stanley into the heart of Africa.

Mr. Emerson's Lecture.—The lecture of Ralph Waldo Emerson in the Old South, last Monday, was on the Fortunes of the Republic. It was an effort marked with all the peculiarities of its distinguished author's style of thought and expression. A great deal was compressed in each one of his phrases. He still believed, as was predicted a quarter of a century ago, that the United States would yet dictate the politics of Europe. The faults in the working power of our system suggest their own remedies. Our institutions, of which the town-meeting is one, are all educational. It is throughout a practical democracy. Although we see wealth printed out in capital letters, there is only a sprinkling of rich men. We have an extravagant confidence in our ability and activity. The first thing to excite apprehension is European influences. There are no rules set down in history to meet such a combination as ours.

The Jews in the Country.—The immigration of Israelites into the United States did not really begin until after 1850, at which time there were not more than 15,000 in the country. Within the last twenty-five years their numbers have increased to 250,000. They have mostly come in that time from Russia and Russian Poland, and their condition here has gradually undergone a change not elsewhere to be met with, and traceable wholly to their contact for the first time with free institutions. The most noticeable trait about them as a race is that there are no Jewish paupers to be seen. They maintain benevolent societies of various kinds of their own, so that one very rarely hears of want as existing among them. And they care for the sick in their own hospitals. One-tenth of the population of the city of New York is composed of Jews, and out of that number only one per cent. is to be found in all the thousands of persons in the public institutions together. There are eight thousand persons in those institutions, and but thirty-three Jews. The race is distinguished for its patience, courage, industry, economy and devotion to the family.

Wonderful Feats.—Instead of necromancy we now have feats of endurance. It is walking a hundred miles in a certain number of hours, or waltzing a dozen or thirteen hours without stopping, or doing something difficult in gymnastics or with the bycicle, or else outlasting everybody else in what nobody ever thought of doing before. The precise use of these performances is not so apparent. Suppose a man *can* walk a hundred miles in a given number of hours; nothing is demonstrated but that he can. There is no probability that he will ever be obliged to do it in that time. Nothing is established but the fact of endurance. An old Greek sage was once told boastingly by a common fellow that he could stand an hour on one leg without once putting it down upon the ground. "A goose can do that," was the ready reply. He might have said, *any* goose. The proof of physical endurance has not much to do with useful exercise and employment; and what good can be accomplished by waltzing thirteen hours together, we challenge any fellow to find out.

☞ We return our thanks to Hon. W. A. Field for a copy of the Agricultural Report of 1876-7, printed by authority of Congressional authority.

☞ The seed firm of Messrs. Schlegel, Everett & Co., 26 So. Market Street, Boston, have issued this week their new catalogue for 1878, and market gardeners, farmers, florists and all those who grow early plants, will be furnished with one free on application. Their selected stock of vegetable and flower seeds is carefully grown by themselves, and the integrity of this firm being well established it is hardly necessary to assure as to the genuineness of their seeds. We invite attention to their announcement in another column.

☞ *The Morrill Grub Exterminator*, to be had at No. 30 Hawley street, is the very thing which cultivators of fruit and other trees will be looking for during the month of March It is warranted by the manufacturers to do its work faithfully and well. See the advertisement elsewhere.

☞ The metallic hair brush is a new invention and a wonderful improvement over the bristle brush. Always remaining clean, it keeps the head free from dandruff, and preserves the root of the hair, and persons who have once tried this brush always recommend it to others. The metallic curry comb and brush combined, manufactured by the same company, deserves full recommendation to horsemen. It saves half the work necessary to clean a horse with an old style curry comb, and the most nervous animal will stand still when being operated upon, while it does not pull out a single hair from the mane or tail, where the old comb will a good many. Send for sample brushes and curry combs to the Metallic Brush Company, B. Pyland, manager, 30 Hanover Street. See advertisement.

☞ *The Charter Oak Swivel Ploughs* are advertised at reduced prices. The announcement elsewhere sets forth their peculiar merits, with their high recommendations. What President Loring has to say of their superior qualities will be noted by all who are interested in this implement on the farm. The Land Side Plow is likewise manufactured by the same company—the Higganum Manufacturing Company, and both are to be had, together with agricultural tools of all kinds at low prices at the Company's warerooms, 38 South Market street, Boston.

READ AND RUN.

—The business of gagging and robbing bank cashiers would appear to have gone about as far as it ought to have been allowed.

—The Modjeska reception at the Museum on Saturday night last was one of the dramatic events of the season in Boston.

—Princeton College has had an experience. Education in fire arms has made rapid progress of late.

—The Legislature shows no signs of giving out.

—Speaker Randall thinks Congress will adjourn about June 15th.

—The story of "That Husband of Mine" has built its author a house. Just what might have been expected.

—European war maps are all going as old junk. In case of a general war, they will have to be all made over new.

—The orders for the postal card for the last quarter numbered 53,000,000.

—Mr. Thomas Lord, of New York, who was guilty of the crime of marrying Mrs. Hicks, has made up with his irate sons. The property has been secured to them at the old gentlemen's death, what there is left of it.

—Miss Kellogg, the prima donna, denies that she is to be married to Tom Karl or anybody else. No such a thing.

—Mr. Ezekiel Record, of Bucksfield, Me., celebrated his ninety-second birthday last Friday. He makes a good clean record.

—The great American public uses some seven hundred million postage stamps a year.

—The Tariffville, Conn. railroad disaster is laid by the Jury upon the Directors of the road.

—There were two ferry boat collisions in New York harbor last Saturday, and a number of lives were lost.

—The silver men in Congress are preparing another and a supplementary bill.

—Russia is extremely hard in her demands on Turkey.

—So the Turkish fleet is finally transferred to Russia. Another stride of the northern Colossus.

—The astronomer, Leverrier, is to have a statue in Paris. As Horace, the Latin poet, observes respecting himself, it should "strike the stars with its exalted head."

—George Francis Train, the irreconcilable and inconsolable, laments it as his great misfortune that he was born in Boston. We all stand in our own light so, sometimes. Perhaps George's misfortunes arose from his not staying here altogether.

—Josh Billings indulges in the quaint observation that he will never buy a lottery ticket so long as he can hire a man to rob him at reasonable wages.

—Thirty-two pound turkeys are what they talk in Newburyport. All turkey talk, probably.

—Bob Ingersoll would have it thought of himself that he practices all the law and does all the lecturing. Pernicy spread.

—The new Pope, named Leo XIII, is credited with being as uncuous a joker as his predecessor, Pius IX.

—A sample of the new silver dollar has already been sent from the Mint.

—A cargo of goods will leave the Brooklyn Navy Yard next month, by the ship Portsmouth, for the Paris Exhibition.

—A willow tree recently cut down in Provincetown measured sixteen feet in circumference.

—A Connecticut tavern keeper was recently found dead in his bed, the cause of his death being too free patronage of his own bar.

—Boston has just seen a man waits thirteen consecutive hours without a pause. But what of it?

—Jamaica Pond has frozed over forty thousand tons of ice this winter.

—The flood of last Friday filled us all in around the city. The railroad trains were literally manned by sailors.

—Young's Hotel in this city one day last week furnished a dinner for four persons that cost $250. These are dreadful hard times.

—The Massachusetts Horticultural Society is at present discussing roses.

—In the Woman's prison at Sherborne are now confined some 350 convicts.

—The market price of the trade dollar in Boston is 97¼ cents.

—The well-known Deacon H—use, up town, is to be sold again at auction, by the mortgagee.

—A negro lad of eighteen died on Sunday morning at the Charlestown State Prison, who had served out more than half of a three years' sentence.

—The Massachusetts Press Association met for business in this city, last Tuesday.

—Pope Leo XIII it is now.

—There is complete stagnation in all branches of trade in France.

—American bonds are depressed in the European markets, owing to the passage of the silver bill by both houses of Congress.

—Mr. Beecher was sick and unable to preach last Sunday.

—Suffocation by coal gas is becoming a very common experiment hereabouts.

—Edwin Booth appears at the Boston Theatre next Monday.

—English mutton chops are no uncommon feed at our first-class restaurants.

—The clock in the tower of the Old South Church in Worcester has been there for seventy-eight years, and last Saturday was taken down.

—Secretary Thompson, of the Navy Department, is expected to resign. The work is too much for one of his years.

—The whaling interest of Nantucket is pronounced extinct. A voyage used to bring in a profit of $30,000, or so.

—Sixteen Crispins have been arrested in Marlborough, on a charge of conspiracy.

—Oakey Hall has gone to practising law again in New York, criminal branch.

—Disraeli is in his seventy-third year, and stands the ordeal of public life well.

—The horse railroads are before the Board of Aldermen daily.

—George Bancroft has his pockets made large enough to hold an octavo volume.

—Prof. Bowen, of Harvard College, is one of the few men who agree with us that the particular nuisance of this country is speech making.

—The 22nd, was a difficult sort of a day to celebrate.

"What we need to do in America now," says the Springfield, Ohio, Republic, "is to go back to first principles. The primal and the principal industrial interest in the United States is agricultural ture."

—More handsome women are reported at Washington this winter than ever before.

—Connecticut is considering the subject of biennial sessions.

—It looks as if the United States and Russia are the coming great powers of the world.

—Turkey takes about as low a seat in Russia's presence as she well can.

—James Gordon Bennett means to find out all about the North Pole, if he can.

—The *Biddeford Post* lived thirty-seven days.

—George Cruikshank died poor. He had saved nothing and earned very little through his long life.

—The Princeton College riots have provoked the severest condemnation from the press of the whole country.

—Maine calculates that she is cutting three and a half million tons of ice this winter.

—Everything is now budding and blossoming in Florida, according to the enthusiastic accounts.

—Pickerel fishing through the ice has been extremely good this winter at Webster.

—Vermont has two societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, at Brattleboro and Bristol.

—The question of peace or war in Europe is about as dubious as ever.

—Mr. William Black is engaged on a volume on Oliver Goldsmith.

—An old lady in Candia N. H., rejoices in being the mother of twenty-five children.

—Texas is engaged in planting corn. People who are wearing tight boots are doing the same here.

—They call Richard H. Dana 3d, Richard the Third.

—An exchange says Indian clubs are not social.

—There are three thousand inns in New York city. How about the number of outs?

—They are still experimenting with peat in Northern Berkshire.

—The new Pope is to be consecrated on Sunday.

—The oldest living graduate of Yale College is Major Seth Pierce, of Cornwall, Conn., of the class of 1806. He is ninety-three years old.

—Chinamen in their own country appear to be starving, freezing and burning to death.

—The Deer Island convicts are at work cutting out paving blocks.

—The carcass of a Yorkshire pig, weighing dressed 183 pounds, was to be seen at Quincy Market on Tuesday.

☞ To judge a cow for butter her hide should be thin, soft and mellow, and under the hair of a deep yellow color; her udder should be soft and yellow skinned, well covered with zigzag veins, large and broad; her tail at the end rich yellow; the inside of her ears and around the eyelids yellow.

☞ The *Scientific Farmer* estimates the value of hen manure from grain fed fowls at $2 per 100 lbs., the valuable constituents being nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, and says it may be fairly compared with ammoniated super-phosphates, which it resembles in composition, with the addition of a little potash.

THE MAGAZINES.

☞ The *Atlantic* for March contains; Another Rosary of Sonnets, and The White Czar, by Longfellow; Wm. Francis Bartlett, a poetical tribute, by Whittier; The Opposition to Lincoln in 1864, by the late Gideon Welles; Victor Emanuel's Political Work. The Loves of Alonzo Fitz Clarence and Rosannah Etherton, by Mark Twain; A French Poet of the Old Regime, by Howells; A Lost Lover, by Sarah O. Jewett; A Fight with a Trout, by Charles Dudley Warner; Detmold, a Romance, by W. H. Bishop; Mr. Stedman's Poetry, by J. J. Piatt; The Story of a Swiss Ring Politician, by Arthur Venner; The Staff of the United States Army, by Col. R. Williams; besides other articles, and poems. The New York Letter treats of the Metropolitan Theatres, and the Contributors' Club is fresh, full and racy. Recent publications are also reviewed. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Harper's Monthly* for March discloses eighty-four fine illustrations, besides Washington sketches, entitled State and Society in Washington; Quentin Matsys, the famous blacksmith painter of Antwerp; Fret-Sawings and Wood-Carving, with a view to household decorations; continuation of Macleod of Dare, by William Black; also of The Return of the Native, by Thomas Hardy; Morganatic Matches, a humorous story, located in Ohio; Squire Paine's Conversion, by Rose Terry Cooke; Grand Manan and Quoddy Bay, a coast description, by Edward Abbott; Unpublished Letters of Washington; Summer Schools, by C. F. Thwing, with illustrations; A Glimpse at some of Our Charities; In Alsatia, a poem by Stoddard; Doubt, a sonnet; Venetian Tapestries, a picturesque sketch; and a very full and varied Editorial department. For sale by A Williams & Co.

☞ The *Popular Science Monthly* for March contains Prof. Marsh's Nashville lecture on the Introduction and Succession of Vertebrate Life in America; the second of Herbert Spencers' papers on the Evolution of Ceremonial Government; Opium and its Antidote; an illustrated article on the Telephone; one by Prof. Huxley on the subject of how best to educate for a Handicraft; the Debasement of Coinages; the third paper of the series on Illustrations of the Logic of Science, entitled—The Doctrine of Chances; The Liquefaction of the Gases; The Growth of the Steam Engine; Prof. Tyndal in conclusion on Spontaneous Generation; and an Editor's Table, containing a paper on the Progress of American Biology. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Lippincott* for March offers—With the Russians in Bulgaria, by Edward King; a concluding paper on Sweden, by Prof. Harrison; an account of the Capture of Fort Fisher, as seen from the masthead; The Strange Story of Paul Scarron; Europe's New Coal Field; Small Farce and Comedy; Without Inscription, a picture of Jewish life in Eastern Europe; Jack and Mrs. Brown, and a number of other stories and papers, all combining to make a most attractive magazine miscellany. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *St. Nicholas* for March offers an extraordinarily good programme. Miss Alcott's serial story, Under the Lilacs, is continued. Entrance into Port is the opening of a new serial story for boys, opening with a scene in English school life. It is strikingly illustrated by Sol Eytinge. There are also six short stories in the number, all bright and lively, with pictorial accompaniments; such as Hansa, the Little Lapp Maiden; A Night with a Bear; Crip's Garret Day, and The Boy in the Box; also—Where Aunt Ann Hid the Sugar, and Johnny. The Secrets of the Atlantic Cable, A Monument with a Story, and Westminster Abbey, are sketches of travel and adventure. The boys and girls will be equally charmed and instructed with this royally good number of St. Nicholas. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Scribner's Monthly* for March is filled with pictorial attractions and superior literary matter. Its contents are Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln, by Noah Brooks; Last days of Edgar A. Poe; by Mrs. Weiss; An American Colony is a Normandy House Manor-House; A Trip to Central America; An Earthquake Experience; Dresden China, including an account of the Royal Porcelain Works at Meissen; Kenyon College, with portraits of some of its distinguished graduates; and a paper on What our Boys are Reading, by Prof. Sumner, of Yale College. The Serials are continued, and there are likewise two shorter stories—Susan Lawton's Escape, by Saxe Holm, and Concerning a Certain Prodigal. There are also poems by Celia Thaxter, Boyeson and others. The editorial department discusses topics of living interest, and a new feature is introduced, entitled Editorial Correspondence. It is really a superb number, complete both as to its illustrations and its contributions. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Carrots, Mangold Wurtzels and Sugar Beets,*—How to raise them, how to keep them, and how to feed them, is the title of a timely little treatise in convenient pamphlet form, by James J. H. Gregory, a root grower of distinction. It will be found full of suggestions and real instruction for farmers at this particular season.

☞ *The Phrenological Journal* for March has a portrait of Dr. Nathan Allen, with a biographical sketch, and among its other papers are Falling through Space, Development of the Earth, A Sermon by a Woman in a Back Seat, Brain and Mind, Victor Emmanuel, The Use of Tobacco, and editorials.

☞ *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for February contains; Part VIII of Mine is Thine; Ironclads and Torpédoes; Above the Clouds, a Revery on the Bel Nep; A Ride for Life; A Visit to Sophia and the Heights of Kamerlen; The Life of the Prince Consort; A Patriot Queen; Translations from Heine; The Storm in the East, No. IX; and the Meeting of Parliament. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co.

☞ *The Westminster Review*, published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, contains for January—Democracy in Europe; Charlotte Bronte; The Education of Girls—their Admissibility to Universities; Lessing—His Life and Writings; The Indian Famine—How dealt with in Western India; Charles Sumner; The Telephone; India in Our Colonial Empire; and Contemporary Literature.

☞ The *London Quarterly Review* for January, published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, has for contents the following list: The Renaissance in Italy and England; Scientific Lectures, their Use and Abuse; Schliemann's Mycenæ; March of an English Generation through Life; Sir Erskine May's Democracy in Europe; A French Critic on Goethe; Railway Accidents; Lord Melbourne; The House of Commons and the Obstractive Party; and The Meeting of Parliament.

☞ *The Semi-Tropical* continues its issues promptly with each recurring month, and embodies some excellent and timely writing which concerns especially the interests of Florida.

☞ We have received a pamphlet containing the *Results of the Soil Test of Fertilizers*, for the year 1877, conducted under the direction of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia. It also contains Analysis of Fertilizers sold in Georgia in 1877. Also, Formula and Directions for Composting. It cannot but be of great value to the agricultural interests of the Southern States.

☞ If every one of our readers would try Dobbins' Electric Soap, (Cragin & Co., 145 State Street, Boston) they would, like us, become firm believers in its wonderful merit. Have your grocer order it.

☞ *Wyman's Catalogue* of Flower and Vegetable Seeds for 1878, and of Summer Flowering Bulbs, can be had of E. Wyman, Rockford, Ill.

☞ *Burke's Texas Almanac for* 1878 contains information about that rapidly growing State which a great many persons will be eager to possess themselves of. It is in neat form, accompanied with a map, and to be had for seventy-five cents. J. Burke, Jr., Houston, Texas.

☞ *Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine* for February blossoms out with its highly colored portraits of different favorite flowers, and offers a table of contents that will eagerly attract the numerous patrons of the well known publisher and horticulturist. It is full of seasonable illustrations, hints, criticisms, and instruction.

A COBWEB IS SCARCELY MORE DELICATE

Than the structure of the Lungs. A violent Cough convulses and tears their finer tissues as an earthquake does the soil. Arrest the ravage, soothe the irritation, heal the inflamed and incrated membranes with "Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar."

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

☞ Johnson says of millet that its grain is quite equal in nutritive value to the average of English wheats. No one can doubt its value after seeing a field of German millet ripe and ready for the sickle. It contains 9 per cent of nitrogenous matter, 74 of starch and sugar, 2.6 of fat, and 2.3 of mineral matter.

WINTER WORK.

Henry Hales writes as follows on seasonable operations, in the *Poultry World*:

The time will soon be at hand when the raising of chickens will claim the attention of the good farm wife. At such times the farmer himself is occupied tilling the ground and planting his crops, and to his wife and children are we indebted for the new-laid egg or the tender broiler, and for their sakes I will say a few words to the farmer himself. During the stormy months of February and March, many days are not fit for outside employment; at such times get your coops mended and white-washed, ready for use when wanted. If you have not enough on hand, make a few more. It is trying in spring to have hens hatch out their broods with nothing to put them in. Some make shift with an old barrel laid down, and many a good clutch has had nothing better. But a barrel is a miserable thing; the chicks settle down too much to the bottom part and many a one gets crushed, which in a properly made coop, with the flat ground for a floor, might be saved. I do not believe in board floors for chicken coops; they always have a nasty smell that is unhealthy for the brood.

Make the coops square, the top sloping to the back with lath slats in front, one loose so as to slide out. Always, however, have a piece of wood for each coop, to be laid down inside in wet or cold weather, for the hens or chicks to get on. Often in summer during heavy showers, the water gets under the coops and drowns the little occupants. Have a piece of board about a foot square to each coop for feeding the chicks on, and if you are living in a part where minks or weasels are around, have a lath front, with the laths so close that the vermin cannot get through; when in use, put this at the front of each coop at night and prop it up with the feeding-board, to keep it from falling down. Such a slat front is better than board, as it gives air and ventilation, yet keeps the little chicks from getting out in the wet grass too early in the morning. During the day, it can be laid on the coop out of the way, and using the board for feeding keeps the food clean.

A lot of old fruit or tomato cans cut down, make good water vessels for chicks. Prepare one or two for each coop by having these all ready, the poultry keepers' troubles are much lessened at a season when many things are pressing to be done.

If you raise many chicks, have light slat feeding coops; slats all around a plot about three feet square, with the slats wide enough apart to admit chicks, but not hens. A few of these placed about the yard among the coops, allow the chicks to get in and out without being disturbed by big fowls, so that when they are left longer than usual unattended, they do not suffer for food. These conveniences can be made and stowed away till wanted. A little time can be profitably spent preparing such things now, and when required, and if found all in good order, it makes work go pleasantly.

DON'T SELL YOUR CALVES.

We see no reason why so many of our farmers sell their calves so soon as they are weaned. We know a farmer who makes a regular practice of buying up a large number of calves each year. He carries them until they have reached and passed their second year and sells them at a good profit. We have watched him closely for a long series of years and know him as too shrewd a business man to conduct his business from year to year without being handsomely paid for his trouble. We have known him to go several hundred miles and occupy several weeks' time and be at considerable outlay to bring together a good lot of these youngsters. The last time we met him he remarked, "I have got this thing down pretty fine, I know just how much it will cost me to keep them; I think I know how to feed them at the least cost and yet keep them thrifty and growing. In my estimate for expenses last year I only missed twenty-five cents a head."

We have noticed one other thing which we did not mention, which is this: That he has manured eighty acres of what was naturally rather thin land and has brought it up to a high state of cultivation.

This is not an isolated case, but coming under our immediate observation we mention it particularly.

Why cannot our farmers raise the great bulk of their calves and fatten them into mature steers and thus obtain a good price for their grain and grass, save cost of transportation, and thus constantly enrich their lands?

The farmer above quoted says he can handle calves on a close margin because they are not so subject to epidemic diseases as sheep and swine and that he seldom meets with the loss of an animal from disease.—*Western Stock Journal.*

☞ The best stock you can invest in is farm stock; the best stores, ploughed shares; the best banks, the fertile banks of running streams, since the more the latter are broken, the better dividends they return to the investment.

AN OPEN LETTER.

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

Rockport, Mass., April 2d, 1877.

MR. EDITOR: Having read in your paper reports of the wonderful cures of catarrh, I am inclined to tell "what I know about catarrh," and I fancy the "snuff" and "inhaling-tube makers (mere money grabbers) would be glad if they could emblazon a similar cure in the papers. For 26 years I suffered with catarrh. The nasal passages became completely closed. "Snuff," "dust," "ashes," "inhaling-tubes," and "sticks," wouldn't work, though at intervals I would sniff up the so-called catarrh snuff, until I became a valuable tester for such medicines. I gradually grew worse, and no one can know how much I suffered or what a miserable being I was. My head ached over my eyes so that I was confined to my bed for many successive days, suffering the most intense pain, which at one time lasted continuously for 168 hours. All sense of smell and taste gone, sight and hearing impaired, body and mind shaken and weakened, nervous system shattered, and constitution broken, and I was hawking and spitting seven-eighths of the time. I prayed for death to relieve me of my suffering. A friend brought me a pamphlet of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy induced me to purchase a package and use it with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, which applies the remedy by hydrostatic pressure, in the only way possible with common sense. Well, Mr. Editor, it did not cure me in three-fourths of a second, nor in one hour or month, but in less than eight minutes I was relieved, and in three months was cured, and have remained so for over sixteen months. While using the Catarrh Remedy, I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify my blood and strengthen my st

HIGH FEEDING FOR MEAT AND MILK.

Poor animals consists of about two-thirds water, while fat ones only one-half, in the total weight; poor animals are like bog meadows. When the fattening process begins, water commences to disappear, and fat or suet takes its place; and the increase in bulk during the process is largely of adipose matter. It is a curious circumstance that, during fattening, the proteids or nitrogenous compounds, increases only about 7 per cent. and the bone material, or inorganic substance, only 1 1-2 per cent.

The cost to a farmer of fattening an ox is much greater at the close of the process than at the commencement; that is the increase in bulk or dry weight at that period is much more costly. If it costs 3 cents a pound for bulk for the first month after a poor animal is put in the fattening stall, it will cost five cents the last month. If, then, a farmer consults his money interests, he will not carry the increase in fat beyond a certain point, provided he can turn his partially fattened animals to fair advantage. Farmers have, perhaps, learned this fact from experience and observation, and hence comparatively lean beef abounds in our markets.

While this is of advantage to the farmer, it is very disadvantageous to consumers of the beef, for the flesh of a fat animal in every case is much richer in fixed, nourishing material than that of the lean, and it is never good economy to purchase lean beef. It is better to purchase the poorest part of a fat animal than the best of a lean one. The best piece of a fat ox (the loin), contains from twenty-one to twenty-eight per cent. more fixed material than the corresponding piece in a lean one; and curiously enough the worst piece in the lean animal (the neck), is the richest in nourishing material. The flesh of the neck improves very little in fattening, hence economy considered, it is the best portion to purchase, as its value is in a measure a fixed one.

These statements are verified by analysis and corroborated by the general tastes of mankind. The flesh of lean animals satisfies neither the palate nor the demands of nutrition. When the food of animals falls below the daily waste, the vacancies of waste are filled with water and injury from a sudden change of bulk avoided. In the constant change by waste and supply, which animal bodies are always undergoing, the fatty, soft and tender parts change much more rapidly than the harder and tougher structures. In the lack of sufficient food consequent upon cold weather, the soft and tender parts whose fibres are filled with water, leaving the original size with only its tougher structures distended with water. The same rule applies to milk as to flesh. In a lack of food the delicate fats in milk and cream begin to diminish, and water, at first, fills their places in almost exactly equal amount. The definiency of food continuing, the saccharine and protein elements of the milk give way, and, dwindling, terminate at last in little else than a watery solution of saline matter. High feeding is equally important for good flesh and good milk.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ASHES AS CATTLE FEED.

The Maine *Farmer* says: One of our substantial subscribers in a recent conversation gave his experience in treating neat stock affected with the habit of eating wood, chewing bones, etc. His cattle ate one spring affected in this way; they became thin in flesh, refused to eat hay, and presented a sickly appearance. He put about four bushels of leeched ashes in his barnyard, and threw it out to them about a shovelful each day. They all ate as if with evident relish. After turning them out to pasture he put one peck of dry ashes per week on the ground in the pasture. They ate it all up and gnawed off the grass where it had been lying. The cattle began to improve, gaining flesh and looking better than they had for several years. He now gives one quart of ashes, mixed with the same quantity of salt, to twelve head of cattle, about once a week, and finds it to agree with them wonderfully.

New Advertisements.

Breck's Seeds
FOR
HOT BEDS.
CABBAGE, CAULIFLOWER, CELERY, CUCUMBER, EGG PLANT, LETTUCE, MARTYNIA, PEPPER, RADISH, TOMATO, &c., &c.
SEED PEAS.
CARTER'S FIRST CROP, CARACTACUS, DANIEL O'ROURKE.
KENT, TOM THUMB, LAXTON'S PREMIUM GEM, LAXTON'S ALPHA, LAXTON'S LONG POD,
McLEAN'S ADVANCER, McLEAN'S LITTLE GEM, KENTISH INVICTA, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, FILBASKET, YORKSHIRE HERO, BLACK EYE MARROWFAT,
GRASS SEED AND CLOVER.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
☞ Catalogues sent upon application.
JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,
51 & 52 North Market Street, Boston.
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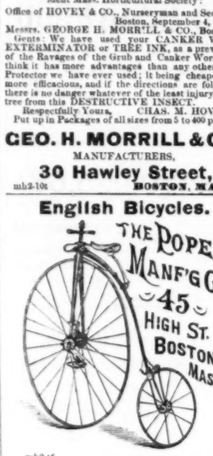
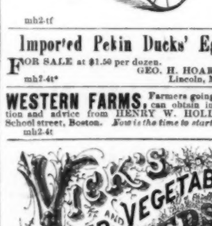
SEEDS FOR HOT BEDS,
THE ATTENTION OF
MARKET GARDENERS, FARMERS, FLORISTS,
and others who grow early plants, is invited to our carefully grown, and
SELECTED STOCK OF SEEDS,
especially adapted for their early planting, including among the vegetables, the choicest sorts of Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Cucumber, Egg Plant, Lettuce, Martynia, Pepper, Radish, Tomato, &c., and of
FLOWERS,
Asters, in great variety; Amaranthus; Alyssum, Balsams, Cobica, Everlastings, Candytufts, Lobelias, Mignonettes, Pinks, Pansies, Petunias, Primroses, Portulacas, Phlox, Castor Beans, Salvias, Stocks, Marigolds, Thumbergias, Verbenas and Zinnias; Silver, Golden and Variegated Foliaged Plants in variety; with many other selections and choice Novelties, lately introduced.
For particulars, see our Catalogue for 1878, furnished free on application.
SCHLEGEL, EVERETT & CO.,
26 South Market Street,
mh2-1f BOSTON.

MORRILL'S
Grub and Canker Worm
EXTERMINATOR,
OR TREE INK,
The most Economical and Efficient article ever offered to the public for the Protection of Fruit and Ornamental Trees from the ravages of the Grub and Canker Worm.
Testimonial from CHARLES M. HOVEY, ex-President Mass. Horticultural Society:
Office of HOVEY & CO., Nurserymen and Seedmen, Boston, September 4, 1877.
Messrs. GEORGE H. MORRILL & CO., Boston:
Gents: We have used your CANKER WORM EXTERMINATOR or TREE INK, as a prevention of the Ravages of the Grub and Canker Worm, and think it has more advantages than any other Tree Protector we have ever used; it being cheaper and more efficacious, and if the directions are followed, there is no danger whatever of the least injury to the tree from this DESTRUCTIVE INSECT.
Respectfully Yours, CHAS. M. HOVEY.
Put up in Packages of all sizes from 5 to 400 pounds.
GEO. H. MORRILL & CO.
MANUFACTURERS,
30 Hawley Street,
mh2-10t BOSTON, MASS.

English Bicycles.


Imported Pekin Ducks' Eggs
FOR SALE at $1.50 per dozen.
GEO. H. HOAR,
mh7-4t* Lincoln, Mass.

WESTERN FARMS Farmers going West can obtain information and advice from HENRY W. HOLLAND, School street, Boston. *Now is the time to start.*
mh2-4t



SAME PLANTED BY A MILLION PEOPLE IN AMERICA. SEE
Vick's Catalogue.—300 Illustrations, only 2c.
Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine,—32 pages, Illustrations, and Colored Plate in each number. Price $1.25 a year; Five copies for $5.
Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents in paper covers; with elegant cloth covers, $1.
All my publications are printed in English and German. Address JAMES VICK,
mh2-cow2t Rochester, N. Y.

METALLIC HAIR BRUSH
Keeps the head free from Dandruff, preserves the roots of the hair, gives it a glossy appearance. Lasts a lifetime. Sample sent by mail on receipt of $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.
For sale by dealers in toilet and fancy articles.
METALLIC CURRY-COMB AND BRUSH COMBINED.
immense improvement over the old style of stiff curry-comb; twice the work done in the same time with one comb, and the most ungovernable animal will stand perfectly quiet while the operation is being performed; it will not pull out one hair from the mane or tail, where the old comb and card will one hundred. Sample sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents. Mention the *Ploughman* when you send in your order.
PATENT METALLIC BRUSH CO.,
30 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.
mh2-cow3t B. POLAND, Manager.

REVOLVERS
ROBIN HOOD, or TRAMP'S TERROR, 22 calibre, 7-shot, full plated, $1.00; 32 calibre, do. do., $2.50. S. P. TAYLOR,
mh2-13t 68 Water St., Boston.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston,
PUBLISH
CHOICEST SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS,
and send Catalogues *free.*

MATRIMONIAL TIMES! A journal devoted to Love, Courtship and Marriage. The smartest paper of its kind in this country! If you want a paper that will please you, send **50 cts.** *for a year's subscription.* Sample copy **10 cts.** WHITE & CO., Pub. East Weymouth, Mass.
mh2-4t

25 Cardinal, Navy Blue, Seal Brown and Bottle Green Cards, with name in gold, 30c. Hull & Co., Hudson, N. Y.
mh2-2t

25 *Fancy Cards*, with name, 10c., 40 for 15c.; *Plain or Gold.* Try us. W. E. Hull & Co., Hudson, N. Y.
mh2-2t

DIAMONDS FOR 50 CENTS
THE WONDERFUL LEFEVRE BRILLIANTS.

Tiffany Style Ear Drops. Parisian Style Ring.
A Perfect Fac-simile of the Real Diamond.
The basis of these stones are pure crystals, found in the mines in New York State, from whence they are exported to the Lefevre Laboratory, in Paris, France, where they are submitted to a chemical and voltaic process, by which their surfaces are COATED WITH PURE CARBON, the substance of which the real diamond is composed, making them as desirable for
WEAR, BRILLIANCY, AND BEAUTY,
As the veritable gems themselves.
To introduce these remarkable gems, as well as our catalogue containing rich designs and prices in Silver, Novelties, from whence they are exported to the Jobbing trade, we will for a short time only
PUT UP, POST PAID, BY MAIL, TO ANY ADDRESS,
ON RECEIPT OF FIFTY CENTS
either the Ear *Drops* or the Ring, as above represented, containing the Lefevre Brilliants, the setting being of rolled gold plate, warranted to stand the test of solid gold. Mention style desired.
American Jewelry Co. No. 5 Arcade, CINCINNATI.
The Lefevre Brilliants are unsurpassed at the price.—Chron. Worlds. The Lefevre Brilliants surpass the most successful imitation of the real diamond.—Christ. World. The American Jewelry Co. is a prompt and reliable house.
mh2-1t

PEDIGREE ONION SEED,
DANVERS ONION SEED, *raised from the choicest onions of each crop for fifty years in succession!* The difference in this crop will be ten times greater than the cost of the seed. My Seed Catalogue free to all.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY,
mh2-cow2t Marblehead, Mass.

WANTED—Men in each State for the Detective service and to report crime. Pay liberal. Inclose stamp, and address AMERICAN AN EUROPEAN SECRET SERVICE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.
mh2-13t

Fertilizers.

"Feed the plant and the plant will feed you."
STOCKBRIDGE
MANURES.
These Manures are made for each crop, furnishing the plant food which each particular crop requires. They have produced from
50 to 80 Bushels Corn per Acre,
25 " 40 " Wheat "
25 " 50 " Oats "
150 " 250 " Potatoes "
3 " 5 Tons Hay per Acre,
and other crops in proportion. They have been used the past five years with such success that in 1877 they were applied on 10,000 acres with excellent results.
Send for Pamphlet for 1878, Mailed Free.
BOWKER'S HILL AND DRILL
PHOSPHATE,
A very fine, dry, and high grade Phosphate. Also
Agricultural Chemicals.
W. H. BOWKER & CO.,
43 Chatham Street, - - Boston.
3 Park Place, - - - New York.
feb23-1f

MANUFACTURERS OF
EUREKA POULTRY FOOD,
DEALERS IN
BEEF & PURE SCRAPS, CRUSHED BONE AND BONE MEAL,
And all kinds of POULTRY SUPPLIES,
Wholesale Agents for IMPERIAL EGG FOOD.
H. B. Arnold & Co., 59 Blackstone St., Boston.
Send for Circular and Price List.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
NITROGENOUS PHOSPHATE
—AND—
PURE GROUND BONE.
feb23-13t

DARLING'S
FINE
BONE AND ANIMAL
FERTILIZER.
Prices not increased but the Fertilizer kept up to its regular standard and improved, notwithstanding the material from which it is made has advanced from three to five dollars per ton.
FEED YOUR HENS & HOGS
—ON—
DARLING'S
MIXTURE OF
FINE BONE, BLOOD,
BEEF SCRAPS & CRACKED WHEAT.
100 lb. Bags.....$2.50.
35 lb. Bags.....$1.00
—ALSO—
Bone Ground Coarse like Rice,
Or mixed with Beef Scraps and Oyster Shells. Just the time to feed the same as grain.
Samples of any of the above sent free, by addressing the manufacturers.
L. B. DARLING & CO.,
feb2-1f PAWTUCKET, R. I.

School Music Books!
High School Choir EMERSON & TILDEN. $9.00 per dozen.
A Standard, useful and favorite Book.
School Song Book. C. EVERETT. $6 per dozen.
Fine Book for Girl's High and Normal Schools.
Choice Trios. W. S. TILDEN. $9 per dozen.
Three part Songs for Female Colleges, Seminaries, &c.
Grammar School Choir. W. S. TILDEN. $6 doz
Excellent collection for High or Grammar Schools.
American School Music Readers. In 3 Books, each 35 cents, 50 cents and 50 cts. Carefully prepared for Graded Schools.

The following are favorite general collections of sacred Songs for Common Schools.
SONG ECHO.....H. S. PERKINS. .75
MOCKING BIRD.....W. O. PERKINS. .50
MUSIC TEACHER.....C. EVERETT. .50
GOLDEN WREATH.....H. D. CLARK. .50
MUSIC CHARTS. By Dr. LOWELL MASON. Large Charts containing 120 Blackboard Lessons, plainly visible to all, saving much trouble, easily set up and used, and furnishing a complete course of practice. Sent by Express. In two rolls or sets Each $8.00.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. Ditson & Co., **J. E. Ditson & Co.**
711 Broadway, New York. Successors to Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.
mh3-1t

10 Ever Blooming **500,000** Roses for **$1.**
Plants and Evergreens **sent free** by mail. **Catalogues free.** Address I. C. WOOD & BRO., Nurseryman and Florists, **Fishkill, N. Y.**
mh3-1t

WARRANTED WATCHES ONLY $3 EACH.
$12 WATCHES
For Only $3 Each.
A BANKRUPT STOCK OF WATCHES,
Warranted for One Year.
This bankrupt stock must be closed out in **90 days.** The **former price of these Watches was $12.00 each.** They are stem winders, patent stem set, and of French manufacture, the movements of which being well known to Clockmakers, the Watches are used on **railroads** and **steamboats.** Each one is fully warranted, and give good satisfaction wherever **accurate time** is required. Think of it, a $12.00 Watch for **only $3.00, and warranted one year for time.**
CINCINNATI, O., May 21, 1877.
The Walters Importing Co. is an old established and reliable house, and we cheerfully recommend them.
CINCINNATI POST.
After the closure of sale of this immense bankrupt stock of Watches, which will continue **90** days from date of this paper, no order will be filled at less than $12.00 each; please send your order at once. With each Watch we furnish our **special warrantee for one year for time.** We will forward the Watch promptly on receipt of **$3.00,** or will send C.O.D. if customers desire and remit $1.00 on account.
Address all orders to **Walters Importing Co.,**
180 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.
☞ **TO WATCH SPECULATORS:** We call particular attention to these Watches, as they sell readily at from $12.00 to $20.00 each.
WARRANTED WATCHES ONLY $3 EACH.
WARRANTED WATCHES ONLY $3 EACH.
WARRANTED WATCHES ONLY $3 EACH.
feb2-cow t

HENRY W. PARTELOW,
WAKEFIELD, R. I.,
CAN furnish Eggs for Hatching for 1878, from as fine yards of
American Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, Partridge Cochins,
As you can find at $2.00 per 13. Warranted fresh and true to name.
EGGS NOT HATCHING 50 per cent, I will duplicate free.
Inspection invited.
Orders filled in rotation. feb16-13t

C. E. L. HAYWARD,
PETERBORO, N. H.,
Offers for sale over 200 varieties of
POULTRY and PIGEONS,
Including 7 kinds of Turkeys, 8 kinds of Geese, 12 kinds of Ducks, 16 kinds of Bantams. Also, Brahmas, Cochins, Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, Hamburgs, Dorkings, Games, Polish, Langshans, Minorcas, &c. The largest and best stock of Fowls in the world. Awarded over 1600 Premiums in a year.
EGGS FOR HATCHING, in season.
More than 100 varieties of **PIGEONS.**
No matter what variety of Fowls or Pigeons you want, apply to
C. E. L. HAYWARD.
feb16-cow2t

HENS LAY If fed with EGYPTIAN EGG PRODUCER. If not, they don't. Sold by druggists, grocers, or sent by express, $1; 5 lbs., $3; 25 cts. C. W. GUY, Manufacturer, 23 Bedford St., Boston. Circulars free.
One pound sent, postage paid, for 80c.
Agents wanted in every town in the United States. Sold by the Wholesale Grocers, Flour and Spice Dealers. jan26-cow1f

POULTRY.
CONDIMENTAL FOOD,
Best and Cheapest in the market.
jan26-8t **JACOB GRAVES,** Gen'l Agent.

Choice Fowls and Eggs.
PARTRIDGE COCHINS, DARK BRAHMAS, PLYMOUTH ROCK, and 37 other varieties of Fowls and Eggs, for sale by **E. R. PERKINS,**
20 Essex St., Salem, Mass.
Enclose and send stamp for Circular. sun5-1f

For Sale.
LIGHT BRAHMA PULLETS, $3.00 to $6.00 per pair, from pure blooded strains, delivered to Express in Boston on receipt of price. Also, EGGS at $3.00 per setting.
dec22-13t P. O. Box 428, Reading, Mass.

Farm Implements

Charter Oak Swivel Plows
AT REDUCED PRICES.

THESE PLOWS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST AWARD AT THE CENTENNIAL, SILVER MEDAL AT NEW ENGLAND FAIR, 1875; First Premium at Grand Plowing Match, Connecticut State Fair at Hartford, Sept. 14, 1876.
What Hon. Geo. B. Loring, President N. E. Agricultural Society, says about this Plow:
"The *Charter Oak Plow* has been used on my farm this season. It cannot be surpassed in *Ease of Draft* and in perfect *pulverization of the soil.*"
OUR SILVER EAGLE
LAND SIDE PLOW
HAS NO EQUAL.
AGRICULTURAL TOOLS
OF ALL KINDS, AT LOW PRICES.
CASTINGS for all leading Plows always on hand. Circulars and Price Lists furnished free.
HIGGANUM MANUFACTURING CORP.,
38 South Market St., Boston.
feb16-6t

The Randall Pulverizing HARROW.
☞ Best in use. Sold Wholesale and Retail by
E. E. LUMMUS & CO.
Boston, Mass.
☞ Circulars Free.

feb23-4t *PRICES REDUCED FOR 1878.*

CENTENNIAL SWIVEL PLOWS.

TRIUMPHANT EVERYWHERE!
Accepted by the New England and Maine State Agricultural Societies. Superior to any for Level Land and Hill side.
AMES PLOW COMPANY,
Sole Makers.
Awarded **all the First Prizes,** Four out of Five Second Prizes, in all **Eleven Prizes out of Fifteen** offered at the Great Field Trial held at Presumpscot Park, Portland, Me., Thursday, Sept. 6, 1877, in competition with the Leading Plows of the Eastern States.
The design of the plowing, as announced by the Societies, was "to show the merits of competing plows." The result settles the question as to which is best. The "Centennial" are now offered to the farmers of New England, warranted sound and perfect, guaranteed satisfactory in operation, and to work as represented.
QUINCY HALL, BOSTON, MASS.
☞ Liberal discount to dealers and agents. Send for circular. feb23-6t

LaDOW'S HARROW.

THE LATEST AND BEST.
It is proved by the testimony of thousands that the **LaDOW'S JOINTED PULVERIZING HARROW** is far the best Wheel Harrow yet produced. Call and see it or send for descriptive circular before you buy. It is fully warranted.
EVERETT & SMALL,
43 South Market St., Boston, Mass.,
Sole Manufacturers for the New England States.
WHEELER & MELICK CO.,
ALBANY, N. Y.,
Manufacturers for the United States, excepting New England.
☞ Reliable Agents wanted. feb16-6t

ECLIPSE WIND MILL,

FOR FARM AND HOUSE PURPOSES
AGENTS Wanted. Send for Circulars, TO
L. H. WHEELER,
36 Oliver Street, Boston.
sep6

Inspected Potash,
IN any quantity, for family use, manufacturing purposes, or for Fertilizing the soil. None reliable unless the Inspector's name is branded on each cask. For sale at the lowest prices.
M. P. COOK & SON,
Inspection Office, No. 106 Canal Street, Boston.
mch10-17t

TREES, PLANTS.
WITH an immense stock of unsurpassed quality, we can afford the very lowest prices. Decidedly lower than can be quoted by travelling agents. All the new kinds of Strawberries, Grapes, Pears, Maples, Evergreens, Roses, and also the standard varieties in Fruit and Flowering Trees, Shrubs, Greenhouse and Bedding Plants, in any quantity desired. Special rates for large orders. See Catalogue.
W. C. STRONG, Nonantum Hill, *BRIGHTON, MASS.*
feb23-10t

For Sale.
TO SETTLE AN ESTATE.
A splendid Farm of 17 acres in the city of Worcester, only 10 minutes' walk from horse cars, on one of the most pleasant residential streets of the city. A large brick House of 14 rooms, with an L; Barn, 60x40, with basement; Hen House, Carriage House and Granary; plenty of cistern water, one of them holding 500 barrels; also, one of the best wells to be found anywhere. The Farm keeps 6 cows and 3 horses the year round; 130 apple trees; 75 pear; 50 peach; 200 currants; 24 grapes; large bed of asparagus and rhubarb; splendid neighborhood.
The above is one of the best estates that can be found for a gentleman of leisure; to be appreciated it must be seen; 50 cents per minute passes with the place; land in a high state of cultivation, suitable for a market garden or for a genteel country residence. For further particulars, address
EXECUTOR,
feb23-3t P. O., Worcester, Mass.

Imported Pigs.
THE Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture now offer for sale YOUNG PIGS, bred from their importation of 1877, including:
LARGE WHITE, MIDDLE WHITE, SMALL WHITE, BERKSHIRE, ESSEX, } From the Earl of Ellesmere, from Mumford Sexton.
Address E. F. BOWDITCH,
feb23-4t Framingham, Mass.

A Farm Wanted.
Want to hire or take on shares, near a good market, a farm where milk can be sold; not over two miles from the centre of the town, near neighbors, and not over sixty miles north or west from Boston. Apply to C. W. PARK, 17 Liverpool St., East Boston, Mass.
feb22-2t*

Wanted.
A YOUNG MAN of good habits desires a situation on a Farm. Moderate compensation. Can give good reference. Address G.,
feb23-3t* Post Office Box, No. 1623, Boston.

EPILEPSY or FITS CURED!
By Dr. Ross' Robistic Remedies. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of $1.00. Address DR. ROSS, 39, 41 and 43 Main St., Rochester, N.Y.
sp4-52-6t

Farm Implements

COLUMBIA SPEAKS!
AND WITH VICTORY CROWNS
DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP.
On September 28th, 1876, the manufacturers of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP were awarded by the Centennial Judges
THE DIPLOMA OF HONOR,
THE MEDAL OF MERIT, and
HONORABLE MENTION
AS MAKING THE
BEST SOAP IN THE UNITED STATES.
This award coincides with the judgment of millions all over the country, and is really a victory over the **WHOLE WORLD.** The following is their Report on which we received the Award:—
"The Jury, **WITHOUT HESITATION,** recommend a Medal of Merit and Diploma of Honor, on account of the **VERY SUPERIOR QUALITY** and **GOOD MANUFACTURE** of this Soap. This Soap was the only **PURE** Soap for family use exhibited, and is deserving, therefore, of great praise. All other Soaps contained rosin, asl soda, clay, silicate, or some other adulterating compound, and the chief aim of American Soap Manufacturers seemed to be to produce a compound that, while passing for Soap, should contain the least Soap and the most adulteration, so as to reduce the cost.
Dobbin's Electric Soap is for sale by all grocers throughout New England. Please try it and see how infinitely superior it is to all others.
I. L. CRAGIN, 144 State Street, Boston.
AND PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Messrs. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., have promised to send any of our readers gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage) a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap to try. Send at once.—Ed. mh2

COCOA POD AND BEAN.
WALTER BAKER & CO.,
CHOCOLATE, BROMA
AND
COCOA
PREPARATIONS
Are highly recommended for their great nourishing and strengthening properties, and will be found equally well adapted for invalids as well as those in health.
All warranted PURE and manufactured from Selected Cocoa.
Highest Prize awarded at Paris, Vienna, and Philadelphia Exhibitions.

DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES.
Old Father Time Caught at Last.
A Number One Reliable Clock for $3.
OWING to dull times and great shrinking in values, we have determined to reduce the price of our Eight Day Dollar **Thirty-Hour Stem-Winding Clock** to **Three Dollars**—sent to any address in the United States by express FREE of expense to the purchaser—*each and every Clock warranted for two years.* This offer only remains good for **SIXTY** Days from date of this paper. Our Clocks are our own manufacture.
NOTE THESE INSTRUCTIONS.—Clocks can be returned and money will be refunded if purchasers are not satisfied. Give full name, post-office, County and State, and nearest Express office—as we send goods exclusively by express. The safest manner to send money, is by Post-office money order or registered letter. The Post-office Department delivers to registered letters or money on money orders to only responsible parties—consequently this would be the safest way of ordering our Clocks. Address all orders to
feb23-2t **L. FRYER & CO., Clock Manufacturers, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

NEW AND IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT IN
Railway Horse Powers
WITH
OLDS' PATENT LINK.
One, Two and Three Horse.
WHAT OUR MACHINES WILL DO.
With one Two-Horse Power, and Thresher with Iron Cylinder, 350 to 400 Bushels of Oats, or 200 to 250 Bushels of Wheat can be Threshed and Cleaned in one day. Our DRAG SAW will cut 50 Cords of 16-inch Rock Maple Wood, and our CIRCULAR SAWS 125 Cords of the same kind of Wood in a Day.
Was awarded at the New England Agricultural Fair, Sept. 3 to 7, at Portland, Maine, FIRST PREMIUM and **SILVER MEDAL,** over three competitors.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE ST. ALBANS FOUNDRY CO.
sep15-tf **ST. ALBANS, VERMONT.**

The Ross System of Cultivation.
SEND 25 CTS. FOR THE SAME TO
ROSS & CO., Northfield, Mass. Mention the paper you see this in. feb23-12t

EVERYBODY USES
THORLEY'S
HORSE & CATTLE FOOD,
BECAUSE IT IS THE

Cheapest and Best Food IN Concentrated America.
Used only as a Condiment. A tablespoonful in a feed. 2 pound Boxes, 60c; 1 pound Boxes, 35c; or $12 per 100.
Thousands of testimonials from the largest Stock Feeders and Breeders.
Circulars sent on application to
THORLEY & CO.,
100 Van Buren St., Chicago.
Agents, C. G. BROCKWAY & CO., 220 Fulton St. Boston, Mass. jan12-13t

PERFECT BUTTER Can be made all the year by using our **PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR.** It is far better than carrots, annatto or any other coloring matter, and fourth the cost, and no work to use. It gives a pure dandelion color and never turns red, or rancid, but tends to improve and preserve the butter. Warranted to add 4 cts. per pound to its selling value. Is recommended by the agricultural press, and used by thousands of the first dairymen. If you wish to know what it is, what it costs, who uses it, and where you can get it, write to **ELLIS, RICHARDSON & Co.,** Proprietors, Burlington, Vt. jan26-5t

TO OWNERS OF FARMS Who Wish to Sell.
Those who have Farms within 25 miles of Boston that they wish to sell, will do well to call and leave description with
JAMES C. HYDE, 3 Court Square, Boston.
Charges reasonable, and strict attention given to the business. feb9-6t

Farm for Sale.
One of the best Farms in the pleasant and thriving town of Leominster. The well known Farm owned by the late Geo. W. Grout, deceased. Said Farm contains about 54 acres of choice land, situated one mile from North Leominster, on the road leading to Harvard, quarter of a mile from school; a pleasant location, good neighborhood, is in a high state of cultivation; cuts about 25 tons choice hay, good orchard; also, pears, peaches and other small fruits. A good two-story House, painted and blinded, with L, in good repair. Barn nearly new, 40x75 feet, with cellar. Must be seen to be appreciated. For further particulars, inquire of the subscribers, near the premises.
JOHN PAGE, or S. THAN STONE.
North Leominster, Mass.
feb2-6t

Farms! Farms!
I have the largest and best variety of Farms for sale now offered in this market. Can give you a home in any part of New England at a bargain. For full and reliable description of property given by sending stamp for GRAY'S REAL ESTATE JOURNAL. All letters promptly answered. **JAMES GRAY,**
nov15-1f **25 Tremont Row, Boston.**

Farm for Sale,
22 MILES FROM BOSTON.
A very nice and pleasantly located Farm, 22 miles from Boston, on Fitchburg Railroad. Said Farm contains about 65 acres good land, about 11 rooms; also Barn and out-buildings, all in splendid order. Stock and Tools to match; everything in the best running order. About 15 acres of heavy Wood and Timber. All for sale at a very low price to the right party.
Address FARMER,
Jan26-4t* Box 704 Boston P. O.

To Rent or Lease.
One of the best Farms in the State, 100 acres, 9 cows, &c.; 3 mile from city of 16,000, and within 1 of one of 30,000; must be a responsible party with some capital. Address P. O. Box 1460, Haverhill, Mass. jan6-1f

For Sale,
A valuable **Dairy Farm,** of about 200 acres, located 11 miles from West Warren; buildings all in good condition; $400 worth of milk, at wholesale, is now sold monthly. Will be sold cheap, as the owner is engaged in other business. For particulars, address
WM. LINCOLN & CO.,
Jan26-1f Warren, Mass.

For Sale,
One Princess and one Duchess Thoroughbred **SHORTHORN BULL,** each 4 months old. Thoroughbred **ESSEX** and **CHESTER WHITE SHOTES.** Prices low. A. H. GRAVES,
feb16-3t Hatfield, Mass.

Waated,
A SMART, capable Man and Wife to take charge of the Town Farm and Alms House in Sudbury, for one year, from April 1st. The Overseers will meet to consider applications on Wednesday, March 6th, at their office in Town House.
ELISHA MOORE, } Overseers of Poor
L. G. HUNT, } of Sudbury.
Feb. 11th, 1878. feb16-3t*

Imperial Egg Food

(Trade Mark.)
Will Make Your Hens Lay, Winter and Summer, support Fowls during moulting, keep them constantly in fine condition, and increase their profits 100 per cent. Half of the chicks die annually. This makes bone and muscle grow, and will save them. Packages to mix with 50 weight ordinary feed, 50 cts.; larger for $1.00 and $2.00. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Also sold by Grocers, Feed Stores, etc.
—LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.—
C. R. ALLEN & CO., Box 108, HARTFORD, CONN.
H. B. ARNOLD & CO., 59 Blackstone St., Boston, Wholesale Agents.
oct27-26t

GRAPE VINES.
Also Trees, Small Fruits, etc. Wholesale rates very low to Nurserymen, Dealers, and large Planters. Send stamp for Descriptive List. Price List FREE.
P. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.
sep4-cow52t

POTATO BUG TRAP.

[Patented August 21, 1877.]
Use No More Poison,
But gather in the bugs by using the
"POTATO BUG TRAP,"
which, by its peculiar shape, catches them all, by bending the vines over the Trap and shaking gently, as represented in the above cut. A section inclining inward and downward around the top prevents their escape, and by applying scalding water the bugs are destroyed. No farmer should be without one.
Delivered at the subscriber's, at LINCOLN, MASS. or at either Express Office at CONCORD, MASS., on receipt of three dollars.
SAMUEL HARTWELL,
Lincoln, Mass.
AGENTS WANTED. PATENT RIGHTS FOR SALE. jly28

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
GREAT THROUGH LINE
AND
UNITED STATES MAIL ROUTE.
The attention of the travelling public is respectfully invited to some of the merits of this great highway, in the confident assertion and belief that no other line can offer equal inducements as a route of through travel in
CONSTRUCTION AND EQUIPMENT
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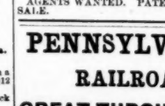
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TRUSSES, Light, clean, dur

The Poet's Corner.

SONGS UNSUNG.

[*From Sidney Dickinson's Poem for the Amherst Alumni Dinner in Boston.*]

'Tis not the harp's wild string alone
Whose music charms the ravished breast;
The thought of a remembered tone,
The singing of a bird that's flown,
Oft fill us with a deep unrest
Which music's most consummate art
Can never waken in the heart.

Within the master's teeming brain
What cord has swelled, what anthem strives,
Struggled for utterance in vain,
Cried out for life, but died again
Unknown but to its native heaven;
And left the mourning sons of earth
To find above its perfect birth!

Within each separate human soul
Live melodies that sweeter are
Than those which solemn organs roll,
Or silver-tongued singers troll,
Or morning star cries out to star;
But chilled by the dark world's eclipse
They die before they reach the lips.

Ladies' Department.

The Haunted Honeymoon.

BY SANDY HARRIS.

Some thirty years ago a young gentleman of high social position occupied and owned a first class residence in one of the best streets in Philadelphia. His parents had recently died, and within a day or two of each other, leaving him, beside the family mansion, a fortune in productive investments. They had also designated him as the guardian of Hannah Cleeve, a young girl whom they had adopted, raised, and suitably endowed, with a request in the same connection that he would retain a Mrs. Irdman, who had been living in the house a year or two in the capacity of seamstress and lady's companion. These two females were, in consequence, a part of his household, and, having no reason to distrust the tenure by which they held their positions, were contented and happy.

Mr. Sterling, the head of the establishment, was twenty-six—five years the junior of Mrs. Irdman; but he was one upon whom dignity and authority rested naturally, and neither of the females found any difficulty in approaching him with equal parts of familiarity and respect. Mrs. Irdman had been long separated from her husband; and a condition of utter dependence made it impossible to divine whether her placidity of demeanor was natural or cultivated. One thing was certain; either her head or her heart was entitled to credit for its unvarying uniformity. Hannah was fifteen, and too young to be toned down to the dignity of womanhood; but she was thoughtful for one of her years, and wore her early beauty with modesty and meekness. She had sufficient confidence, abundant self-respect, and a pride that her guardian had often told her was over-nurtured by her long, golden hair. She knew she was an orphan, but she considered her adoption by the Sterlings sufficient evidence of a respectable origin. She knew nothing of the common gossip which assigned her a nearer relation than that of adopted sister.

Few families, after the demise of the original heads, have been more luckily reconstructed than was that of Mr. Sterling. The several members of the household knew each other's foibles and virtues, and were prepared to excuse the former for the sake of the latter. The circle of society of which they formed a part recognized the new establishment, and everything without, as well as within, moved in harmony with the views of the responsible head.

So situated, the halo around Mr. Sterling and his household betokened a season as well of domestic quiet as of convival enjoyment. Nor was it an illusion—for no day of the ensuing year was darkened by either dissensions, casualties, or reverses. A spark, however, from the outside world had in the meantime entered the bosom, and on the anniversary of his instalment as master of his inheritance he told Mrs. Irdman and Hannah, and with marked complacency, that he would be glad to have the house put in the best of order by the ensuing Thursday, as it was his intention to introduce a stranger, who would thereafter share their domestic pleasures and cares. This was received with crimson cheeks by Mrs. Irdman, and with colorless ones by Hannah—the latter not by something next to silence on the part of both; but Mr. Sterling passed it over, leaving the matter to rest with the wish he had expressed. This was at tea-time. The next morning the preparations referred to by Mr. Sterling were promptly put in hand, though with the same indefinable manifestations on the part of Mrs. Irdman and Hannah Cleeve. There had been for some time an amicable suspension of confidence between these two; but the interval between the last tea-time and breakfast had, to all appearances, re-established, their intimacy. This, however, was not known to Mr. Sterling, and possibly would not have been cared for if he had known it. He saw their want of sympathy, and, in his reasonable complacency, ascribed it to an apprehension on their part that the "stranger" he was about to introduce would not only share, but take the lion's share of their "domestic perplexities." But it was a subordinate matter at most; and after an early lunch he left for the seashore, where his intended bride was spending the season.

With an abundance of means and any help she might require, Mrs. Irdman found no difficulty in putting the splendid mansion in gala trim by the time indicated by Mr. Sterling. Besides the interior appointments, the rich carpeting in the hall was extended out to the curbstone, with wreaths of orange-blossoms to subdue its dazzling dyes. This was the last touch, and was finished just in time to be consecrated by the bride and bridegroom. The former, presenting a graceful and commanding figure, was first upon it, and proceeded at once to appropriate the wreaths. Mr. Sterling, the bridegroom, then led her up to the door, where they were received by Mrs. Irdman, and were at home.

Mrs. Sterling, the bride, was young, and her features were alike charming and pretty—combining an effeminate sweetness with faultless regularity. They had been but a minute in the parlor when Mr. Sterling stepped toward the door, and then, leading forward Hannah Cleeve, said to his wife: "My adopted sister." If he had said "My natural sister" instead, what deep-eyed blushes would have suffused the cheeks of the unoffending couple! And yet—as blushes have been named—the reader may as well bear them in mind, as he may have occasion to compare their ephemeral inconvenience with the fruits of what the world would call "a polite and considerate policy."

Though still clinging to the insignia of girlhood—a profusion of golden tresses, naturally pendant—Hannah was now a young lady, and her toilet had been provided and arranged in reference to that fact. She was pale, and a trifling depression rested upon her countenance. Her deportment was easy and graceful, however, and her words were spoken melodiy. Mrs. Sterling was so decidedly struck with her appearance that her embarrassment was next to oppressive. Hannah remained but a short while. The moment she withdrew Mrs. Sterling turned to her husband and said:

"I do you know, I'm glad she's gone? She's so perfectly beautiful that I couldn't keep from gazing at her, and I was afraid she'd think me rude."

"Not a bit of it!" he replied: she's used to that, and would have been more likely to think you rude if you hadn't done so."

"You say she was reared in the house. Where did you get her? Is she any kin to you?"

"She was brought here before I reached years of discretion. They told me her name was Hannah Cleeve, and that I must call her 'sister.' I've no relations of that name."

"How have you kept from falling in love with her?"

"I told you I was never susceptible until I saw you."

The day was now spent; and, it being the eve of their first reception, the young couple took a cup of tea in the parlor rather than disturb Mrs. Irdman or the servants, who were sufficiently occupied with preparations for the next day. Beside, they could take it alone out of gold cups which had been presented with a request that they should so do then and there.

Hannah had been in her own room ever since her introductory interview with Mrs. Sterling; and Mrs. Irdman told the latter, by way of apology, that she had been out most of the day, and had taken so much exercise as to require rest, in view of the demands of the next day.

Mr. Sterling made no allusion, in his wife's hearing, to the recent change in Hannah's manner and spirits, though he had evidently marked it, and of course heard the explanation of Mrs. Irdman with much less credulity than solicitude. He let it pass, however, and his wife and himself withdrew for the night to their private apartments.

Mrs. Sterling had taken a distaste to Mrs. Irdman from the first, and the latter approached her and left without leaving even an impress of a feature behind. Hannah, on the contrary, had taken a place in her inmost thoughts, from which she seemed without the power to remove her; and she alluded to her more frequently than would have been agreeable to her husband if he had not been fortified by the light he was keeping under a bushel.

Next morning the servants were abroad early, in view of the reception, and Mr. and Mrs. Sterling were presentable before the first tinkling of the silver bell in the dining-room. This gave the happy couple fifteen or twenty minutes till breakfast, and they went down to employ the interim in looking at the paintings. Mrs. Sterling was delighted with both the extent and merit of the collection, and displayed in her preferences the tenderness of thought and sympathy peculiar to the loveable of her sex. Mr. Sterling simply reflected her delight. His deeper thoughts seemed to be preoccupied, possibly with the issue of Hannah's depression, and especially as the countenance of Mrs. Irdman, which he had caught sight of, was a trifle short of its usual artificial light. In this, however, he might have been mistaken, as the magnetism of events sometimes notifies us of their approach, when we are apt to see other things through a deceptive medium.

Breakfast was now announced, and the bell was rung for the absent. Mrs. Irdman was seated as usual at the head of the table, and Mr. and Mrs. Sterling were standing near the door to receive Hannah. She was slow in coming, and the waiting-maid was sent up to waken her. Returning footsteps were soon heard on the stairs, and, on account of their haste, with a sort of suppressed anxiety until the maid came down within speaking distance, Mr. Sterling, without waiting to be addressed asked for Hannah.

"Oh, sir!" said the maid, stopping where she was, and weeping bitterly, "I do believe Miss Hannah's dead!"

Mr. Sterling went hastily up, followed by his wife and Mrs. Irdman, to Hannah's room. They found her lying on a silken cushion on the carpet, with a lace-trimmed pillow under her head, and, though beautiful as ever, the proud spirit that should have made her a queen had departed. She had not changed her dress since her introduction to Mrs. Sterling, except to add a pair of etruscan bracelets, to which she had been particularly partial in her happier days. Her fine hair, spread out in different directions on the pillow, looked like a golden glory radiating from her head and face; and her hands and arms were in as easy a posture as if she had been in a pleasant sleep. A small bottle on the carpet near her indicated the means which the fell destroyer, Death, had used to accomplish his purpose.

This startling dispensation made it necessary to notify what was called "Society" of the postponement of the reception. After this as little publicity as possible was given to the voluntary death of Hannah. She was placed, after a reasonable time, in a receiving-vault, where Mr. Sterling had deposited his father and mother, until a private vault he had decided to construct at Laurel Hill, should be completed.

Meanwhile, in the courtly residence of Mr. Sterling, the orange-blossom had given place, temporarily, at least, to the cypress, and a bosom void of offence was contending with the gall of bitterness. Mrs. Sterling had bestowed her heart and hand with a single eye to the stainless side of human nature, and contemplated happiness as a thing of course. Hannah Cleeve, with what she now knew of her, and with what she had a right to infer from her tragic end at that particular juncture, unsettled her views, and left her daydreams a wreck. Mrs. Irdman, too, was still less acceptable—for the reason that, in her expressions of sympathy, she betrayed too close an estimate of the bearing of events on the feelings of a wife.

Mr. Sterling was of course depressed. He had offended in nothing imputed to him by the circumstances; but the results of an honest mistake bore heavily on his mind. He had concealed from Hannah the fact of their being children by the same father, so as to spare her pride the sacrifice of legitimacy. Had he seen what coupling names would have been a dozen blushes. And yet, strange as it may seem, he was actually at that very moment allowing the tenderest of wives to drain a cup of bitterness to the dregs without profiting by his sad experiences. In all other respects, however his sacrifices on the altar of affection were more than equal to the demand.

Mrs. Sterling spent of her time in her own apartments, indulging in thoughts which it would have been best for her to dismiss from her mind. She saw but little company through the day, her husband at long intervals, and Mrs. Irdan when unadvoidable. Except when the former was in, she also took her tea in the same seclusion—a habit which she was at least willing for him to be ignorant of. In fact, she seemed to be aware of giving undue weight to the reflection cast upon him by the inaudible manifestations of Hannah Cleeve; but her sensitive nature was unappeasable. Deceiving a young lady, she admitted, over whom circumstances had given him controlling advantages, was the worst that could be said; but that was bad enough for her.

One evening—about the tenth after Hannah's death, and while Mr. Sterling was necessarily out—his wife, after taking a cup of tea as usual in her own room, resumed the seat at the window which she had occupied for hours to catch the first sound of returning footsteps. It was subsiding twilight, the hour when her loneliness was most oppressive, and her solitude was pardonable—for he was, through evil as well as through good report, her companion and protector. She was patient, however—though sometimes fruitful hour was dismissed with tears. Finally she grew weary of disappointment, and turned from the window, not in despair, but with a determination to resist the childish feeling which had for some time been agitating her nerves. The first thing her eye fell upon, and the only one in the impenetrable darkness, was a round spot of moonlight in the carpet. This enabled her to reach the other end of the room, on which she found and lighted a small perfumed lamp, and placed it on the bracket. She then returned to her seat, but changed it a little, so as to be able to see the light. A moment after, the door connecting the room with the hall, at the end of which she had just left, opened quickly, and an apparition, clothed in white as the grave and the tomb could make it, deliberately entered, and, crossing over to the dressing glass, reached up and put out the light, not, however, until its change of position and the flickering lamp had disclosed the long, golden tresses of Hannah Cleeve. Darkness then succeeded, and the shade of its winding sheet was all that marked the exit of the figure.

If anything had been wanting to make the situation of Mrs. Sterling insupportable, this peculiar event was sufficient to supply it. She saw it all; but the initial view was quite as much as she retained the consciousness to appreciate. Her husband came in, she never knew how long afterward, and found her in her chair, easy enough, but bereft of her senses. He took her in his arms, laid her on the bed, and called in Mrs. Irdman. An hour or so of reassuring tenderness on his part, with everything materialized by a thoroughly lighted chandelier, recalled her to herself; then she put her hands over her eyes and wept. She was still greatly prostrated, and showed no disposition to allude to the spectacle which had so nearly dethroned her reason.

Although there had been no single hour's absence through the day or evening that Mr. Sterling was responsible for, he could not but rebuke himself for allowing his wife to remain, under the circumstances, so long alone. And when, the next morning, he heard from her own lips a full account of her prostration, and the causes which produced it, he resolved to permit therefore, no outside demand to take precedence of those which, though never importunately urged, had both affection and humanity to sustain them. He was satisfied in his own mind that the spectacle she had seen was a creature of the imagination, and on that account the more to be deprecated. He assured her of his determination to protect her in future; and begged her affectionately not to make at that time, a comparison of her present home with the one she had renounced for his sake. He requested her also to say no more about what she had seen, as reports of that character always impaired the value of property. Her passive and confiding nature made a suitable response to both his promises and requests.

Uniformly now Mr. Sterling passed his evenings at home, and a reaction of his wife's health and spirits became apparent from the start. Each day confirmed the hopes of the preceding one until the end of the second week, when they felt themselves justified in alluding to their long de erred reception. They were at the tea table at the time. Mrs. Irdman had withdrawn, and the elaborate service was cooling on the sideboard. The cook and waiting-maid was supping in the kitchen, and the deep-throated watchdog was dismissing some one from the back gate.

"The fact is," said Mr. Sterling, who had been listening to his wife, "we've been ostracised so long that I don't know what the arrangements of society are. I wouldn't like to fix on a day for our wedding-reception which somebody else has selected for a dinner party. "But stop," he continued, "the caterer knows the reserved days, and I'll step around and see him. You sit still."

Mrs. Sterling was quite content, and, altogether, seemed more cheerful for the turn their conversation and thoughts had taken. A few moments afterward, and light touches on the strings of the harp in the parlor arrested her attention. She had not heard her husband close the front door, and thinking it likely he had stopped to test some musical conception, she went forward to join him. The parlor door was ajar, and she went directly in. It was light enough to see, and she looked around in the recess where the harp usually stood. The same apparition—the appalling semblance of Hannah Cleeve—was bending over the instrument, its long, yellow hair quivering like fairy fingers over and across the strings.

No one who had reached maturity through the channel of American childhood can in subdued light look upon a ghost, and contemplate its presence with equanimity. It is to our spiritual what deadly nightshade is to our physical organisation; and Mrs. Sterling owed no apology for yielding in this instance to that inflexible law. She recoiled the moment the spectre revealed itself—and in time to reach the entry before she fell.

The noise, if any, was not sufficient to arrest the attention of either Mrs. Irdman or the servants, and it remained for Mr. Sterling to be the first to discover the prostrate and almost insensible form of his wife. And he understood it at once; and that her weakness, as he thought it, might not become the theme of common gossip, he took her in his arms, and, without a murmur, transferred her to their private apartments.

The issues of the heart-chilling surprise were more complicated than those of the other, though the nervous prostration of Mrs. Sterling yielded more readily to proper treatment. She had been reluctant to confess the unpleasantness of her new surroundings, much less to complain of them. She now spoke of them as unsupportable annoyances, and urged upon her husband an immediate change of residence. He acknowledged the reasonableness of her demands, and told her that, with his views of the day before, he would assent to her suggestion without a word. "But," he said, with marked emphasis, "I am now without those views; and I want you, my dearest, to place me under one more obligation by remaining just where you are. You shall not feel yourself in suspense—for if anything should again present itself to you in a 'questionable shape,' our occupancy of this house will be followed quick enough by that of one whose precincts will not be invaded."

Mrs. Sterling consented freely, and especially as she saw in the proposition an abandonment of the charges against her imagination. Remaining as she was, however, was not understood as bearing upon the reception—that was again postponed.

Next day everything went forward as usual, until the absence of Mrs. Irdman at tea became the subject of remark. The chamber maid said she had been sent for, and went out in a hurry. The cook said she "didn't know nothing" about her. Mrs. Sterling said it made no difference, and took her seat at the head of the table.

About ten o'clock the next morning a carriage stopped at the door, and a fine looking gentleman handed out Mrs. Irdman. When she had entered the house, she told the driver to go on.

It now transpired that Mrs. Irdman's husband, who had been six years in California, and had made a handsome fortune, had reappeared where he was going to take with him to San Francisco; that they were going that afternoon to New York, and would sail for their destination the next day. This was, of course, news; but it rose to the dignity of neither good nor bad. Mrs. Sterling had never liked her, but she could afford to be indifferent to her good or her bad luck. However, she left according to arrangement; and two days afterward her husband and herself were gazetted as having sailed for the Pacific coast.

Meanwhile Mr. Sterling had received notice that his vaults at Laurel Hill were ready for use, and about a week after the departure of Mrs. Irdman he went out to superintend the transfer of the three bodies he had left in the receiving vault. He found the caskets intact; but, for reasons he could scarcely explain to himself, he determined to look into that of Hannah Cleeve. It was easily opened, and the outward appearance of the body was quite unchanged, even down to the flowers which had been placed upon it. He approached nearer, and found her features not only intact, but more like herself than when her cheeks were first blanched by death. From having always worshipped with an abundant suit of natural hair, her head in the narrow limits assigned it looked out of proportion, and he removed a bouquet of wilted flowers from one side, and looked under—a trifle, of course—but far enough to see that her splendid hair had been cut closely off, and taken away. While assuring himself of that fact, his eye fell upon something bright between the edge of the pillow and the top of one of her shoulders. He took it out and found it to be a pair of scissors, and doubtless the ones used by the despoiler. He put them into his pocket; and, there being no further necessity for retarding the operation, the casket was closed, and the transfer went forward to completion.

When Mr. Sterling was again at home, and in easy conversation with his wife, he took the scissors from his pocket and presented them, saying as he did so:

"By the way, there is something I found—and I was well nigh forgetting the circumstance."

"Mine, as I live!" averred his wife. "Where did you find them? I lent them to Mrs. Irdman the night before the funeral. She lost them, and wanted to buy a new pair; but I would not let her. I didn't want any of her scissors!"

"Are you perfectly sincere in what you say?"

"To be sure I am! Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you are, you have unmasked the ghost that has haunted our honeymoon."

He then told her all about it; and neither the reception nor their domestic happiness was longer deferred.—*Phil. Sunday Dispatch.*

TOO WIDE.

O mighth Earth, thou art too wide, too wide!
Too vast thy continents, too broad thy seas,
Too far thy prairies stretching fair as these
Now reddening in the sunset's crimson tide!
Sundered by thee how have thy children cried
Each to some other, until every breeze
Has borne a burden of fond messages
That all unheard in thy lone wastes have died!
Draw closer, O dear Earth, thy hills that soar
Up to blue skies such countless leagues apart!
Bid thou thine awful spaces smaller grow!
Compass thy billows with a narrower shore,
That yearning lips may meet, heart beat to heart,
And parted souls forget their lonely woe!
—[*Julia C. R. Dorr, in March Sunday Afternoon.*

PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS DIFFICULTIES.

A most wonderful and ingenious bird is the Turnstone. It has earned this singular name by the manner in which it procures its food, which is by turning over, with its strong, curved beak, the stones on the seashore, in order to obtain the insects under them.

A great naturalist, named Thomas Edward, who is now living, tells a very curious story about these birds.

Mr. Edward from his boyhood always delighted in wandering along the seashore, or among rocks and caves, or anywhere he could watch closely the habits of animals, birds, or insects. He met with some strange adventures in these rambles.

One day as he was walking along the seashore on the Scotch coast, near Banff, Mr. Edward saw two strange looking little birds standing by a large object, which he afterwards found to be a dead cod-fish. Hiding in a hollow among the shingle, he watched the little creatures eagerly, for he knew they must be Turnstones, and those birds are seldom seen on that part of the coast.

These two little creatures were trying hard to turn over a cod-fish, but, as it was six times as large as themselves they found their task rather difficult. Still they set bravely to work, pushing away first with their bills and then with their breasts; but in spite of their pushing the fish would not turn over, so they ran round to the other side of it, and began to scrape away the sand to undermine him, so that he might turn over more easily; and then with fresh energy they set to work, but still the heavy fish would not move. What could they do? They did not act as some of you little boys and girls do when you have a difficult task to accomplish—give it up in despair, and pettishly declare it is of no use trying. No, their motto seemed to be,

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again."

I don't suppose they said so to each other, but no doubt they meant it; for again they returned perseveringly to their work. Presently another Turnstone came flying towards them from the rocks, and Mr. Edward could hear a low pleasant murmur of delight at this timely help. So now there were three to tackle the obstinate fish, and many hands, or rather beaks, made light work in removing the sand; then with a long push, and a strong push, and a push all together, at length they raised the fish some inches above the sand, but it was too heavy for them, they could not turn it over—down it sank again.

Poor birds! they were obliged to rest for a while to recover from their disappointment. But still the dogged little creatures would not be beaten; thrusting their bills under the fish, they managed to lift it again, and with another united push with their breasts, at last the fish rolled over, and the brave little birds were victorious. You may imagine how much they enjoyed the rich feed of insects which they found where the fish had lain. "I was so pleased and even delighted," adds Mr. Edward, "with the sagacity and perseverance which they had shown, that I should have considered myself guilty of a crime had I endeavored to take away the lives of these interesting beings at the very moment when they were exercising the wonderful instincts implanted in them by their Creator.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE BROKEN OAR.

Once upon Iceland's solitary strand
A poet wandered with his book and pen,
Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,
Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,
And from the parting cloud-rock now and then
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.
Then by the billows at his feet was tossed
A broken oar, and carved thereon he read:
"Oft was I weary, when I toiled as thee;"
And lake a man who findeth what was lost,
He wrote the words, then lifted up his head
And flung his useless pen into the sea.
—[*Longfellow in March Atlantic.*

An Embroidered Stocking.

She was very pretty—but there came a time when I don't think I cared in the least for her beauty—her soul was so much more attractive than her body. She was no humble wild-flower maiden, but a woman who had received a magnificent dower of blue blood, including talent and the highest attributes of character, and all that culture could develop in a beautiful and intellectual woman was hers; all that wealth could bestow upon her she possessed. She had the good fortune to have no singularity of nature, but all was a symmetrical and harmonious whole.

I loved her, and I possessed the humbleness of true love. The more intimately I knew her, she made me conscious of things that were mean in myself. Out of this feeling grew bitter jealousy of other men.

A bitter jealousy. She was of too sunny and generous a temper to pick for flaws, nor could she know a man as other men knew him.

She could not understand that Dr. Cosgrove was as irritable in private as he was suave and agreeable in public, and I would not tell her that Captain Langdale seldom pays his debts. They were but two of her many admirers, and they were both handsomer and showier than myself. In time I was miserable on their account.

I cannot now, in cold blood, accuse her of coquetry, but Stephenie St. Jean was of French blood on her father's side. Beside speaking that language perfectly, she had the French woman's secret of fascination. A trifle more in vivacity, when surrounded by gentlemen, made her utterly irresistible.

I saw and felt the charm, and could not content myself with the thought that in the quiet hours we passed together I knew myself dear to her. Many a winter evening had we sat together on Thursday, and even before the drawing-room fire, secure from intrusion, her beautiful head resting on my breast, content in her eyes, happiness in her smile. And yet, swearing her to be the proudest and most delicate of women, I was madly jealous of other men.

For months I would not see her alone. She was one of a large family, and she had favorite cousins, Lily Lawton, who was her constant companion.

She was very young, and a bright, sweet little thing; but of late she had seemed drooping, as if out of health, and Stephenie had been unusually protective and kind.

For Stephenie's sake I often took Lily out to drive, though her exceeding simplicity often bored me.

I began to but wonder that Stephenie associated with her so constantly; but Lily worshipped her magnificent cousin, and the latter delighted in being kind to those weaker than herself. "Kitten," she called Lily, and there had been something especially kittenish in the girl's round, bright gray eyes and playful, graceful ways.

Her special charm was gone now. She was a pale, faded, spiritless little thing. Stephenie kept her constantly under her wing.

"Kitten must have green fields and pastures now," she said. "The May suns are getting strong, and I, too, long for a country trip. We are going to Branchville, and shall be absent for a week. Mind you are a good boy till we come back."

I smiled, but on the wrong side of my face.

"A week," I murmured.

"A week and one day," she laughed. "I shall be gray-headed when you come back," I said, yielding to my own vexation.

She laughed more gayly than ever, then a shadow fell over her face.

"It is for Lilly's sake," she whispered. "Look at her."

Lily lay on a hammock on the piazza, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, not a shade of color in her cheek.

The thought come to me that the child was bound for the land of shadows.

"She must have help soon," said Stephenie.

"Yes," I answered.

I saw them off in the morning train, Kitten with her cheek on Stephenie's shoulder. I carried the picture before my eyes all the week—my magnificent, generous brunette supporting the failing strength of that pale, fair-faced child. And I had never loved her better in my life than in this new phase.

A week and a day Stephenie had said; therefore I had no expectation of seeing her when, at the end of five days, I entered the drawing-room of her father's house to find an opera glass I had left there.

I had told the servant at the hall door what my errand was, and that I knew just where to look for the glass. But on the threshhold of the apartment my steps were arrested by the sound of Stephenie's voice.

A rush of delight went over me. I was about to spring forward, when I discovered Stephenie was seated in the alcove of an inner room beside a gentleman.

I stood irresolute. A curtain of blue silk fell across the upper part of the figures, but upon it their shadows lay, as they sat against the sunny windows beyond, and plainly outlined Stephenie's beautiful head and Captain Langdale's profile.

I did not mean to be a listener to their conversation, but as I demurred about going forward I distinctly heard Stephenie say:

"I love you utterly, with all my heart. am not ashamed to say this, because you will never see me again."

She continued talking, but her voice fell to a low monotone, and I realized my position and stumbled back ward out of the room and found myself in the street, going dizzily home. Like some hunted thing, I rushed to my room and hid myself from all eyes.

I remember throwing myself upon a couch and then starting up and walking the room, looking at my pale face in the glass, taking up books and opening as if to read them, doing all sorts of unintentional things in a mechanical way, trying not to think of the revelation that had come to me, because it seemed I should go mad if I did. But a haunting voice was crying in my ear, "Stephenie—lost Stephenie!"

"No, no, she is mine!" I cried, in despair. "I have loved her so long and so well, and she is my only darling. What could I do without her? Oh, God, what can I do?"

For the truth would not be gainsaid, and must be faced. With mine own ears I had heard her say to another man, "I love you," and what I may have murmured in moments of impatience, I knew in my soul that Stephenie St. Jean was no coquette.

Captain Langdale had been ordered to his regiment, and she had probably returned home to bid him farewell. A soldier's life is always in peril, and in the moment of parting Stephenie has confessed to him what I had never suspected.

Heaven knows that I had no reason; and I had good cause to think differently. She had never plighted her troth to me, but by word and look and sweet privileges she had accepted my love, and I had such utter faith in her truth that the possibility of her deceiving me had never occurred to my mind. The warmest and tenderest intimacy existed between us, and yet she had never given her promise to marry me.

Sick at heart, I realized it now, reviewing the past in the hateful light of my sudden discovery. I was a lawyer, and in the long hours of that utterly sleepless night I studied the case untiringly as if it had not been my own.

It was not a matter of mistaken identity. Leaving out the consideration that my heart would never in this world mistake Stephenie's voice, I distinctly saw the outline of her bust; and her dress, revealed below the curtain, was very familiar to me.

It was of cream-colored silk, trimmed with black lace. On her foot she wore a pretty black satin shoe, with a silver buckle; and the instep showed a cream-colored stocking, embroidered with silken buds and vines.

The dress and the stocking, with its embroidery, were all of the same tint, and the whole costume but two colors—cream and black. As she sat within the blue curtain the artistic effect was very beautiful.

Ah, no! It was Stephenie, peerless among women; and in heartsick misery I at length gave up the lost cause.

The gray dawn was stealing in at my window, its sweet breezes bathing my aching temples, when I sat down at my desk and penned my farewell letter:

"STEPHENIE: I cannot trust myself to see you again. I am weak as a child, and worn out with such suffering as I pray you never may know. Inadvertently, yesterday, I heard you confess your heart to Captain Langdale. I heard you say that you loved him. Then you do not love me! God only knows how utterly I believed you did, and what fervent gratitude and happiness there was to me in that belief. Oh, my darling! how could you let me wreck my heart on the shoals of your merely careless liking? I was only a congenial friend—a pleasant companion. Your heart was his; and yet—farewell?

This passionate, incoherent letter I directed to her, then called my valet.

"Pierre, pack some trunks. We will go down to Black Rocks for the summer."

The man started.

"Pardon, monsieur, it is very dull down there. No gunning, no fishing, and no young ladies!"

"And consequently no waiting maids for you to ogle!" I answered, with a dreary attempt at ease and lightness of spirits.

But the fellow still looked at me.

"Monsieur looks very ill. I will bid the doctor call on you, and if he consents, we will go to that horrid place to-morrow."

"Nonsense! I shall be well enough after a bath and some breakfast. Don't be impertinent, Pierre. We start on the ten o'clock train."

Black Rock was not inhabited by fashionable society; this was my only reason for choosing it. The Neptune House, where I took up my abode, was a large, rambling, old-fashioned inn, not in the least in the world like a modern seaside hotel.

My valet, of course, arranged all the conveniences of my life; consequently I did not know the dark-skinned old woman who one day presented herself at the door of my apartment, with a long covered basket upon her arm. My man was dusting a cort on the back piazza.

"There is some one at the door, Pierre," I said to him, as I sat at the window with a book which I was reading.

"It is the washerwoman. She is a very nice laundress, monsieur."

"Yes," I said, indifferently. "Pay her." He received the carefully covered basket, settled the bill, and the woman departed.

Pierre prepared to arrange my linen by opening a bureau drawer. I turned a page of my book as he withdrew the white cloth from the basket, when my attention was again arrested by his exclamations.

"Mon Dieu! Laces, ruffles."

"What's the matter, Pierre?"

"These are ladies' things. Here is a wrapper with fluted ruffles, with skirts, and—ha, ha, monsieur!—some stockings. Mees Betsey, Mees Betsey, come back!"

He dropped the basket on the floor and rushed after the old woman. I glanced within, and saw a mass of snowy lace and embroideries, beautiful as a bed of lilies. The clothing was too dainty and expensive to belong to any but a lady, and I wondered who the owner might be.

In one corner was a little pile of hosiery. The stockings were not all white—one pair was of cream color, with a silk embroidery of buds and vines; and while I was carelessly considering how and where such exquisite needle-work was done, the thought flashed across me that I had seen that very pattern of silken rosebuds on Stephenie St. Jean's foot.

My hand trembled. I dropped the book as Pierre came rushing back with the panting old woman.

"Yes, I have left the wrong basket. The other, outside, is yours, sir. Hope you'll excuse me. I'm getting old and forgetful."

"Stay," I said, breathlessly. "Whom are the lady's things for?"

"For the young lady down stairs, who came last week, sir—Miss St. Jean. I'll take them away directly."

Unheeding the wondering eyes of the two, I snatched up a handkerchief on which I saw a name marked. Yes, it was "Stephenie!"

I grew faint, and turned away to hide my emotion. My hand shook as I snatched up my hat and rushed out of doors.

The sun was shining across the water. The waves danced blood red in its light. The air had grown cool, and a pair of singing shore birds flew before me as I sought a favorite seat of mine, retired among the rocks.

I had not composed my mind when there was a rustle of silk, and a soft hand was laid on my arm.

"Forrest!"

"Stephenie!"

"You know I am here now, and so I have come to speak to you."

She sat down close beside me, facing me, her arm across my knee, her clear blue eyes steadily meeting mine; and before she spoke a word, I took the fair hand tenderly feeling that she was to be restored to me.

"Forrest, I have been here a week, wishing to see you, yet repelled by your determined seclusion. If the old woman called Aunt Betsey, who frequents this place, had not told me to-night that accident had revealed my presence to you, I should have lost my last remnant of courage, and returned home without speaking to you."

"What have you to say to me now, Stephenie?"

"You overheard me talking, as you supposed, to Captain Langdale, Forrest. I was reading a letter."

"A letter?"

"I have a startling story to tell. Listen. All the spring my cousin Lily's malady had seemed strange to me. I could not understand her loss of strength and color, until I learned by occupying the next apartment to her at Branchville, that she spent her nights in weeping. While I wondered that she should have a secret trouble from me, and perplexed myself how to gain her confidence, I entered her room one morning, and found it to be full of a strange, sickening scent, while Lily lay senseless on the bed. She had taken an opiate powerful enough to produce death, and upon the table lay two letters. One was addressed to me, the other to Captain Langdale.

"As soon as I had procured assistance, and a physician's help had saved her life, I read the letter the poor child had addressed to me. Poor Kitten! her heart was breaking, for she had set it upon one friend, and she believed that he loved me. I am speaking of Captain Langdale. He is handsome, gay and *debonaire*, and the poor girl believed him necessary to her existence. So she confessed to me, yet her heart seemed to hold no bitterness for her supposed rival.

"She had always loved me, she said, and I was more worthy of her hero. But she was so pitifully miserable, poor little thing! Well, I considered the matter carefully. I was only an hour's ride from Captain Langdale, and I resolved to see him. Lily was sleeping a restorative slumber, and I could go to the city and return in about three hours. I did so. When I reached the depot I sent a carriage for him to come to our house. He came and read the letter. Our soldier has a tender heart; he was affected to tears. He gave me the letter to read, bidding me to read it aloud. As I did so, you entered and heard the words which misled you."

Her eyes were swimming as they met mine, but after an instant she went on:

"Captain Langdale showed deeper and more delicate feeling than I had supposed him capable of.

"'If little Lily thinks such a h arum-scarum fellow as I am worth dying for, I ought to make myself worthy of the blessing of such a love,' he said; and added: 'I will give myself to Kitten to-morrow, if she wants me, and I will be a better man than I have ever been, for her sake.'"

"So," said Stephenie, brightening "there is to be a marriage early in autumn. My Lily is quite happy in the prospect of sharing a soldier's life, and—and"—blushing radiantly, and flashing one beauteous look into my eyes,—"there may be a double wedding, if you please, dear."

I tell my wife my happiness was saved by such a fragile thing as an embroidered stocking—certainly for this world, and I believe for the next.

☞ Nautical title for the female novel reader.—The skipper.

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RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.
SOUTH BOSTON.
MR. STEVENS, *Dear Sir*,—I have taken several bottles of your VEGETINE, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and General Debility of the System. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from the above complaints.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. MUNROE PARKER.
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feb9-cow2t

Anecdotes.

☞ A colored man, having admired a colored widow living in the next block above, but being afraid to come out boldly and reveal his passion, went to a white man of his acquaintance, the other day, and requested him to write the lady a letter asking her hand in marriage. The friend wrote, telling the widow in a few brief lines that the size of her feet was the talk of the neighborhood, and asking her if she could not pare them down a little. The name of the colored man was signed, and he was to call on her Sunday night for an answer. The writer of the letter met the nigger limping along the street, and asked him what the widow said. The man showed him a scratched nose, a lame leg, and a spot on his scalp where a handful of wool had been violently jerked out, and answered in solemn tones, "She didn't say nuffin, an' I didn't stay dar mo'n a minute."

☞ "Now, then, state your case," said a Detroit lawyer the other day, as he put a $5 bill away in his vest pocket. "Well," began his client, "suppose the man living next door wants to put a barn up right against my line, coming within two feet of my house?" "He can't do it, sir—can't do any such thing," replied the lawyer. "But I want to put my barn right up against his line," remarked the client. "Oh!—ah—yes, I see. Well, sir, go right ahead and put your barn there. All the law in the case is on your side."

☞ A gentleman who is a sculptor in a feeble way, was calling on a lady the other evening. "How do you manage to get the right facial expression?" she asked, referring to his statuettes. "Very simple," he said; "I read a poem expressing the passion I desire to portray; then as my face expresses rage or love, I plunge head foremost into a mass of putty I have at hand. This retains the impression, and there you are."

☞ Josh Billings says he knows people who are so fond of argument that they will stop and dispute with a guide board about the distance to the next town.

☞ Lady (to a little girl of four years)—"What are you going to call your new doll?" Girl, heaving a deep sigh, like some anxious mother, "I shall call it Rosa—if it lives."

☞ "I ain't a'takin no trade dollars now," remarked the tramp to a benevolent old lady. "Give us a greenback, or nothin'."

☞ The Saxon Oppressor: Saxon Tourist—"I suppose the English buy all the pigs that you wish to sell?" Irish Peasant—"They do. Bad luck to 'em, the toirants!"

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"SWAYNE'S ALL-HEALING OINTMENT"
Is particularly adapted to all forms of Skin Diseases. Cures even when all other remedies and treatment fail.

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